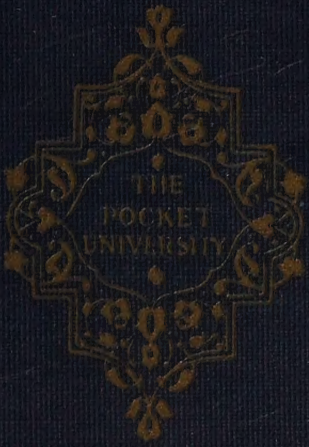
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THE
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VOLUME XVI PART I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

GREATEST AMERICANS

EDITED BY
GEORGE ILES

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

OUR heroes grow upon us all our lives long. At school we read of Washington at Valley Forge, of Lincoln at Gettysburg. We soon wish to know how they lived as boys, who their fathers and mothers and playmates were. We pass to manhood and our sense of debt to these great men deepens, as we assume our duties in upholding the institutions they founded and preserved. We take up the biographies which fully recount how Washington and Lincoln came to their supreme opportunities, and grasped them with strong hands. As the years follow one another, our interest widens to embrace the life-stories not only of leaders in government, but also the chieftains of literature and other manifestations of man's genius. To the lives of Hamilton and Jefferson on our shelves, we add biographies of Hawthorne, Dickens and others.

Biography includes not only many great books, it intimately reveals the springs of great work. And on the high plane of history a clear understanding of events depends upon our seeing how rulers and reformers, soldiers and jurists, bore themselves at home as well as under the public eye; how their courage and ambition were buttressed by family affection, by the unswerving loyalty of comrades.

▼

General Introduction

Fortunately some great men have written their own lives. Of all biographies these are the best, because the most nearly true. And nobody who was anybody ever fell into dullness as he told the story of his life, and for good reasons. He had a theme of the very first interest to himself, on which, for the most part, he wa the sole authority. Who but Grant could tell us how Grant felt on the eve of battle? Who but Peary could make us understand Peary's dismay when wreck threatened his ship? It is delightful to have Tennyson describe the simple observations of sea and shore which flowered in his verse; and follow the successive revisions which brought "The Raven," by Poe, and "Excelsior," by Longfellow, to their final perfection.

Every autobiography tells us more than its writer meant us to know: sometimes what we read between the lines is the best part of a story. A man's letters may often open windows into his very heart. Many of President Lincoln's hours were occupied in dealing with requests for pardons and reprieves ; his responses form a goodly part of his writings. Yet we cannot imagine him setting forth in an autobiography, or a diary, a fact so sacred that mercy had the first place in his soul.

In the two little books here offered the reader, letters form the chief part. Next in extent are passages from famous autobiographies, with here and there pages from diaries such as those in which Longfellow mirrored his mind. The series comprises Greatest Americans, Soldiers and Explorers, Writers and Actors. Within the appointed limits

of each volume, only a brief selection is presented. The sources laid under tribute are always mentioned, so that a reader may pass from slight acquaintance with his hero to any degree of intimacy that he desires.

GEORGE ILES.

CONTENTS

GREATEST AMERICANS

	PAGE
George Washington	3
Thomas Jefferson	43
Alexander Hamilton	71
Abraham Lincoln	93

GREATEST AMERICANS

WASHINGTON

[In the veneration of his countrymen, Washington holds the loftiest place. The Revolution found him a wealthy man, cultivating his large plantations with enjoyment and success. He accepted the generalship of the army, and for eight years endured incessant toil, anxiety and privation, embittered by unsparing censure. In victory or defeat, facing a traitor or with his hand in the grasp of a friend, he had the courage and magnanimity of the soldier at his best. When at last the Republic was securely founded, with one voice Washington was chosen as its first President. In that great office he stands forth a model unapproached. His ability and wisdom, his judgment and forbearance, stamp him as one of the supremely great rulers of all time.

Many biographies of Washington have been written, but his best portrait has been painted by himself in his own writings. These, in the scholarly edition of Mr. Worthington C. Ford, have been published in fourteen volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. By their courtesy the following selection is presented. It reveals characteristic phases of Washington as a husband and guardian, a soldier and patriot, a farmer and a host.

A side-light of much interest is afforded the reader of "Washington's Letters and Recollections: Correspondence with Tobias Lear, His Confidential Secretary, and Others," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. — Ed.]

Takes Command of the Army

[On the 18th of June, 1775, Washington received from the President of Congress his commission as commander-in-chief of the army. He writes to his wife, the only letter from him to her extant:]

Philadelphia, June 18, 1775.

My Dearest:

I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and

this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . .

You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would reflect dishonour upon myself, and give pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be

pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. . . .

I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.

Takes Command of the Army

[To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he writes:]

Philadelphia, June 20, 1775.

. . . I am now to bid adieu to you, and to every kind of domestic ease, for a while. I am embarked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which, perhaps, no safe harbour is to be found. I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to take the command of the Continental army; an honour I neither sought after, nor desired, as I am thoroughly convinced that it requires great abilities, and much more experience, than I am master of, to conduct a business so extensive in its nature, and arduous in the execution. [And referring to his wife] I shall hope that my friends will visit, and endeavour to keep up the spirits of my wife, as much as they can, for my

departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her; and on this account alone I have many disagreeable sensations.

Protests Against Cruelty to Prisoners

[During the summer of 1775 the prisoners captured by General Gage were cruelly treated. Washington at once addressed to him this remonstrance:]

Headquarters, Cambridge,
August 11, 1775.

I understand that the officers engaged in the cause of liberty and their country, who by the fortune of war have fallen into your hands, have been thrown indiscriminately into a common jail, appropriated to felons; that no consideration has been had for those of the most respectable rank when languishing with wounds and sickness, and that some have been amputated in this unworthy situation.

Let your opinion, sir, of the principle which actuates them, be what it may, they suppose they act from the noblest of all principles, love of freedom and their country. But political principles, I conceive, are foreign to this point. The obligations arising from the rights of humanity and claims of rank are universally binding and extensive, (except in case of retaliation.) These, I should have hoped, would have dictated a more tender treatment of those individuals whom chance or war had put in your power. Nor can I forbear suggesting its fatal tendency to widen that unhappy breach which

you, and those ministers under whom you act have repeatedly declared your wish to see forever closed.

My duty now makes it necessary to apprise you that, for the future, I shall regulate all my conduct toward those gentlemen who are, or may be, in your possession, exactly by the rule you shall observe toward those of ours, now in your custody.

If severity and hardships mark the line of your conduct (painful as it may be to me), your prisoners will feel its effects. But if kindness and humanity are shown to ours, I shall with pleasure consider those in our hands only as unfortunate, and they shall receive from me that treatment to which the unfortunate are ever entitled.

Asks for Aid

[Again and again throughout his campaigns, Washington had to deplore the denial of sorely needed aid. No trait in his character was more severely tested than his patience with the apathy — and worse — of men who should have sprung to his standard. He writes to Colonel Joseph Reed:]

Cambridge, November 28, 1775.

. . . Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue; such stock-jobbing, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantage of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement, I never saw before, and I pray God I may never be witness to again. What will be the end of these manœuvers is beyond my scan. I tremble at the prospect. We have been till this time enlisting about three thousand five hundred men. To engage these, I have been

obliged to allow furloughs as far as fifty men a regiment, and the officers I am persuaded indulge as many more. The Connecticut troops will not be prevailed upon to stay longer than their term, (saving those who have enlisted for the next campaign, and are mostly on furlough;) and such a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole that I should not be surprised at any disaster that may happen. In short, after the last of this month our lines will be so weakened, that the minute-men and militia must be called in for their defence; these, being under no kind of government themselves will destroy the little subordination I have been labouring to establish, and run me into one evil while I am trying to avoid another; but the lesser must be chosen.

. . . Could I have foreseen what I have experienced and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command. A regiment or any subordinate department would have been accompanied with ten times the satisfaction, and perhaps the honour.

A Plea for Ethan Allen

[Colonel Ethan Allen, at the head of the Green Mountain Boys, invaded Canada and was captured by British troops. He was so badly treated as to call forth from Washington this note to General William Howe:]

Headquarters, Cambridge,
December, 18, 1777.

We have just been informed of a circumstance which, were it not so well authenticated, I should

scarcely think credible. It is that Colonel Allen, who, with his small party, was defeated and made prisoner near Montreal, has been treated without regard to decency, humanity, or the rules of war; that he has been thrown into irons, and suffers all the hardships inflicted upon common felons.

I think it my duty, sir, to demand, and do expect from you, an eclaircissement [enlightenment] on this subject. At the same time, I flatter myself, from the character which Mr. Howe bears as a man of honour, gentleman and soldier, that my demand will meet with his approbation. I must take the liberty, also, of informing you that I shall consider your silence as a confirmation of the report; and further assuring you, that whatever treatment Colonel Allen receives, whatever fate he undergoes, such exactly shall be the treatment and fate of Brigadier Prescott, now in our hands. The law of retaliation is not only justifiable in the eyes of God and man, but absolutely a duty, which, in our present circumstances, we owe to our relations, friends and fellow-citizens.

Permit me to add, sir, that we have all here the highest regard and reverence for your great personal qualities and attainments, and the Americans in general esteem it as not the least of their misfortunes, that the name of Howe, a name so dear to them, should appear at the head of the catalogue of the instru-

ments employed by a wicked ministry for their destruction.

Anxiety in the Field

[On New Year's Day, 1776, Washington's army numbered fewer than ten thousand men. They lacked arms, ammunition and proper clothing. On January 4, he thus expresses his anxiety to Colonel Joseph Reed:]

. . . It is easier to conceive than to describe the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the vast volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together, without powder, and at the end of them to have one army disbanded and another raised within the same distance (musket shot) of a reinforced enemy. It is too much to attempt. What may be the issue of the last manœuvre, time only can unfold. I wish this month were well over our head. . . . We are now left with a good deal less than half raised regiments, and about five thousand militia, who only stand engaged to the middle of this month; when, according to custom, they will depart, let the necessity of their stay be never so urgent. Thus it is, for more than two months past, I have scarcely emerged from one difficulty before I have been plunged in another. How it will end, God, in His great goodness, will direct. I am thankful for His protection to this

time. We are told that we shall soon get the army completed, but I have been told so many things which have never come to pass, that I distrust everything.

As to Criticisms of His Generalship

[Colonel Joseph Reed, a friend of Washington, wrote him freely regarding the censures passed upon his generalship. Washington responded:]

Headquarters, Cambridge,
January 14, 1776.

. . . The hints you have communicated from time to time not only deserve, but do most sincerely and cordially meet with my thanks. You cannot render a more acceptable service, nor in my estimation give a more convincing proof of your friendship, than by a free, open, and undisguised account of every matter relative to myself or conduct. The man who wishes to stand well in the opinion of others must do this: because he is thereby enabled to correct his faults, or remove prejudices which are imbibed against him. For this reason, I shall thank you for giving me the opinion of the world upon such points as you know me to be interested in; for, as I have but one capital object in view, I could wish to make my conduct coincide with the wishes of mankind, as far as I can consistently, I mean without departing from that great line of duty, which though hid under a cloud for some time, from a peculiarity of circumstances,

may nevertheless bear a scrutiny. My constant attention to the great and perplexing objects which continually rise to my view, absorbs all lesser considerations, and indeed scarcely allows me time to reflect that there is such a body in existence as the General Court of this colony, but when I am reminded of it by a committee; nor can I, upon recollection, discover in what instances (I wish they would be more explicit) I have been inattentive to, or slighted them. They could not, surely, conceive that there was a propriety in unbosoming the secrets of an army to them; that it was necessary to ask their opinion of throwing up an intrenchment, forming a battalion, etc. . . . .

Anxiety Deepened

[The quality of many of his soldiers is plainly described in a letter to the President of Congress:]

New York, September 2, 1776.

. . . Our situation is truly distressing. The check our detachment sustained on the 27th ultimo has dispirited too great a proportion of our troops, and filled their minds with apprehension and despair. The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable, and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off: in some instances, almost by whole regiments by half ones, and by companies, at a time

. . . With the deepest concern, I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops. . . . Our number of men at present fit for duty is under twenty thousand. . . . I have ordered General Mercer to send the men intended for the Flying Camp to this place, about a thousand in number, and to try with the militia, if practicable, to make a diversion upon Staten Island. Till of late I had no doubt in my own mind of defending this place; nor should I have yet, if the men would do their duty, but this I despair of. It is painful and extremely grating to me, to give such unfavourable accounts; but it would be criminal to conceal the truth in so critical a juncture. Every power I possess shall be exerted to serve the cause; and my first wish is that whatever may be the event, the Congress will do me the justice to think so.

Perplexity and Apprehension

[Shortly after the surrender of Fort Lee on the Hudson River, and the capture of 2,818 soldiers by General Howe, Washington sent word to his brother, John Augustine:]

Hackensack, November 19, 1776.

. . . In ten days from this date, there will not be above two thousand men, if that number, of the fixed established regiments on this side of Hudson's River, to oppose Howe's whole army, and very little more on the other, to secure the eastern colonies, and the important passes

leading through the Highlands to Albany, and the country about the lakes. In short, it is impossible for me, in the compass of a letter, to give you any idea of our situation, of my difficulties, and of the constant perplexities and mortifications I meet with, derived from the unhappy policy of short enlistments, and delaying them too long. Last fall, or winter, before the army, which was then to be raised, was set about, I represented in clear and explicit terms the evils which would arise from short enlistments, the expense which must attend the raising an army every year, the futility of such an army when raised; and if I had spoken with a prophetic spirit, I could not have foretold the evils with more accuracy than I did. All the year since, I have been pressing Congress to delay no time in engaging men upon such terms as would insure success, telling them that the longer it was delayed, the more difficult it would prove. But the measure was not commenced until it was too late to be effected. . . . I am wearied almost to death with the retrograde motion of things; and I solemnly protest, that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do, and, after all, perhaps to lose my character; as it is impossible, under such a variety of distressing circumstances, to conduct matters agreeably to public expectation, or even to the expectation of those who employ me, as they will not make proper

allowances for the difficulties their own errors have occasioned. . . .

Receives New Powers as Commander

[On December 27, 1776, a committee of Congress (Robert Morris, George Clymer, and George Walton) convinced that Washington should wield extended powers, conferred upon him an authority all but absolute. They said:]

. . . Happy is it for this country that the general of their forces can safely be intrusted with the most unlimited power, and neither personal security, liberty, or property, be in the least degree endangered thereby.

[Washington's acknowledgment was characteristic:]

Trenton, January 1, 1777.

Yours of the 31st ultimo enclosed to me sundry resolves of Congress, by which I find they have done me the honour to intrust me with powers, in my military capacity, of the highest nature and almost unlimited extent. Instead of thinking myself freed from all *civil* obligations by this mark of their confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that, as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties are firmly established.

Courage in Defeat

[In the summer of 1777, the American troops met with defeat on Lake Champlain. Washington faces the situation with an unfaltering heart. He writes to General Schuyler:]

Clove, July 15, 1777.

. . . Amid the unfortunate reverse that has taken place in our affairs, I am happy to

hear that General St. Clair and his army are not in the hands of the enemy. I really feared they had become prisoners. The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence is an event of chagrin and surprise not apprehended, nor within the compass of my reasoning. . . . This stroke is severe indeed, and has distressed us much

Notwithstanding things at present have a dark and gloomy aspect, I hope a spirited opposition will check the progress of General Burgoyne's Arms, and that the confidence derived from his success, will hurry him into measures, that will in their consequences be favourable to us. We should never despair. Our situation before has been unpromising and has changed for the better, so I trust it will again. If new difficulties arise, we must only put forth new exertions, and proportion our efforts to the exigency of the times.

Without Jealousy

[General Horatio Gates, in command of the northern troops, was in 1777 making a better record than Washington, so far as his own soldiers were concerned. The outspoken comparisons by the friends of Gates, drew this letter from Washington to Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia:]

Whitemarsh (12 miles from Philadelphia)
November 13, 1777.

. . . The design of this is only to inform you, and with great truth I can do it, strange as it may seem, that the army which I have had

under my immediate command, has not, at any one time, since General Howe's landing at the Head of Elk, been equal in point of numbers to his. In ascertaining this I do not confine myself to Continental troops, but comprehend militia.

The disaffected and lukewarm in this state, in whom unhappily it too much abounds, taking advantage of the distraction in the government, prevented those vigorous exertions, which an invaded State ought to have yielded. . . I was left to fight two battles, in order, if possible, to save Philadelphia, with less numbers than composed the army of my antagonist, whilst the world has given us at least double. This impression, though mortifying in some points of view, I have been obliged to encourage; because, next to being strong, it is best to be thought so by the enemy; and to this cause, principally I think is to be attributed the slow movements of General Howe.

How different the case in the Northern Department! There the states of New York and New England, resolving to crush Burgoyne, continued pouring in their troops, till the surrender of that army; at which time not less than fourteen thousand militia, as I have been informed, were actually in General Gates's camp, and those composed, for the most part, of the best yeomanry in the country, well armed, and in many instances supplied with provisions of their own carrying. Had the same spirit pervaded the people of this and the neighbouring states, we might before this time have had General

Howe nearly in the situation of General Burgoyne. . . .

My own difficulties, in the course of the campaign, have been not a little increased by the extra aid of Continental troops, which the gloomy prospect of our affairs in the North, immediately after the reduction of Ticonderoga, induced me to spare from this army. But it is to be hoped that all will yet end well. If the cause is advanced, indifferent is it to me where or in what quarter it happens.

The Dreadful Winter at Valley Forge

[During the winter of 1777–78, the sufferings of Washington and his army at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, are thus pictured in a memorable appeal to Governor George Clinton, of New York:]

Valley Forge, February 16, 1778.

It is with great reluctance I trouble you on a subject that does not properly fall within your province; but it is a subject that occasions me more distress than I have felt since the commencement of the war; and which loudly demands most zealous exertions of every person of weight and authority who is interested in the success of our affairs. I mean the miserable prospects before us with respect to futurity. It is more alarming than you will probably conceive; for, to form a just idea, it were necessary to be on the spot. For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked

and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been ere this excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion. Strong symptoms, however, of discontent have appeared in particular instances; and nothing but the most active efforts everywhere can long avert so shocking a catastrophe.

Our present sufferings are not all. There is no foundation laid for any adequate relief hereafter. All the magazines provided in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and all the immediate additional supplies they seem capable of affording, will not be sufficient to support the army more than a month longer, if so long. Very little has been done at the eastward, and as little to the southward; and whatever we have a right to expect from those quarters must necessarily be very remote, and is, indeed, more precarious than could be wished. When the before-mentioned supplies are exhausted, what a terrible crisis must ensue, unless all the energy of the continent shall be exerted to provide a timely remedy!

Impressed with this idea, I am, on my part, putting every engine at work that I can possibly think of to prevent the fatal consequences which we have so much reason to apprehend. I am calling upon all those whose stations and influence enable them to contribute their aid upon so important an occasion; and, from your well-known zeal, I expect everything within the

compass of your power, and that the abilities and resources of the state over which you preside will admit. I am sensible of the disadvantages it labours under from having so long been the scene of war, and that it must be exceedingly drained by the great demands to which it has been subject. But, though you may not be able to contribute materially to our relief, you can perhaps do something towards it: and any assistance, however trifling in itself, will be of great moment in so critical a juncture, and will conduce to the keeping the army together, till the commissary's department can be put upon a better footing, and effectual measures concerted to secure a permanent and competent supply. What measures you can take, you will be the best judge of; but if you can devise any means to procure a quantity of cattle, or other kind of flesh, for the use of this army to be at the camp in the course of a month, you will render a most essential service to the common cause.

Respect for Convictions Opposed to His Own

[Bryan Fairfax, a friend and neighbour of Washington, remained a supporter of the British connection. He continued residing in Virginia, where he died in 1802, at seventy-five years of age. He wrote Washington a grateful acknowledgment for acts of friendship continued despite their differences in political conviction. Washington replied, in the midst of the distresses of his camp:]

Valley Forge, March 1, 1778.

. . . The friendship which I ever professed and felt for you, met with no diminution from

the difference in our political sentiments. I know the rectitude of my own intentions, and believing in the sincerity of yours, lamented, though I did not condemn, your renunciation of the creed I had adopted. Nor do I think any person or power ought to do it, whilst your conduct is not opposed to the general interest of the people and the measures they are pursuing; the latter, that is our actions, depending upon ourselves, may be controlled; while the powers of thinking, originating in higher causes cannot always be moulded to our wishes.

Magnanimity to a Captured Foe

[General Burgoyne, when taken prisoner, addressed himself to Washington in terms of profound personal respect. Washington responded:]

Headquarters, March 11, 1778.

I was only two days since honoured with your very obliging letter of the 11th of February. Your indulgent opinion of my character, and the polite terms in which you are pleased to express it, are peculiarly flattering; and I take pleasure in the opportunity you have afforded me of assuring you that, far from suffering the views of national opposition to be embittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the man and soldier, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose. You will not think it the language of un-

meaning ceremony, if I add, that sentiments of personal respect, in the present instance are reciprocal.

Viewing you in the light of an officer, contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverses of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathise with your feelings as a soldier, the unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbid his success; and as a man, whose lot combines the calamity of ill health, the anxieties of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation exposed, where he most values it, to the assaults of malice and detraction . . . .*

Sympathy With a Companion in Arms

[In August, 1778, a storm dispersed the French fleet under Count D'Estaing, whose carefully laid plans for a victory were thus brought to naught. Washington thus expressed his sympathy with the mortified commander:]

Headquarters, September 11, 1778.

. . . If the deepest regret, that the best concerted enterprise and bravest exertions should have been rendered fruitless by a disaster, which human prudence was incapable of foreseeing or preventing, can alleviate disappointment,

*General Burgoyne at once acknowledged this note, concluding: "I should have few greater private gratifications in seeing our melancholy contest at an end, than in cultivating your friendship."

you may be assured that the whole continent sympathises with you. It will be a consolation to you to reflect, that the thinking part of mankind do not form their judgment from events; and that their equity will ever attach equal glory to those actions which deserve success, and those which have been crowned with it. It is in the trying circumstances to which your excellency has been exposed, that the virtues of a great mind are displayed in their brightest lustre, and that a general's character is better known than in the moment of victory. It was yours, by every title which can give it; and the adverse element, which robbed you of your prize, can never deprive you of the glory due to you.

In Sore Need of Help

[At the close of 1778 so grievous was the plight of Washington that utter defeat seemed imminent. He besought aid at the hands of Colonel Benjamin Harrison, Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates:]

Headquarters, December 30, 1778.

. . . Our affairs are in a more distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition than they have been since the commencement of the war. By a faithful labourer, then, in the cause; by a man who is daily injuring his private estate without the smallest earthly advantage, not common to all in case of a favourable issue to the dispute; by one who wishes the prosperity of America most devoutly, and sees it, or thinks

he sees it, on the brink of ruin; you are besought most earnestly, my dear Colonel Harrison, to exert yourself in endeavouring to rescue your country, by sending your best and ablest men to Congress. These characters must not slumber nor sleep at home in such times of pressing danger. They must not content themselves with the enjoyment of places of honour or profit in their own country, while the common interests of America are mouldering and sinking into irretrievable ruin (if a remedy is not soon applied), ruin in which theirs also must ultimately be involved. If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit (which in its consequences is the want of everything), are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect. . . . In the present situation of things, I cannot help asking where are Mason, Wythe, Jefferson,

Nicholson, Pendleton, Nelson, and another I could name? And why, if you are sufficiently impressed with your danger, do you not, as New York has done in the case of Mr. Jay, send an extra member or two, for at least a limited time, till the great business of the nation is put upon a more respectable and happy establishment? . . . I confess to you I feel more real distress on account of the present appearance of things, than I have done at any one time since the commencement of the dispute.

Congratulates Lafayette

[In 1779 General Lafayette returned to France, where he was accorded the highest honours. Washington congratulates him:]

West Point, September 30, 1779.

. . . It gave me infinite pleasure to hear, from yourself, of the favourable reception you met with from your sovereign, and of the joy which your safe arrival in France had diffused among your friends. I had no doubt that this would be the case. To hear it from yourself adds pleasure to the account. And here, my dear friend, let me congratulate you. None can do it with more warmth of affection, or sincere joy than myself. Your forward zeal in the cause of liberty; your singular attachment to this infant world; your ardent and persevering efforts, not only in America, but since your return to France, to serve the United States;

your polite attention to Americans, and your strict and uniform friendship for me, have ripened the first impressions of esteem and attachment, which I imbibed for you, into such perfect love and gratitude, as neither time nor absence can impair. This will warrant my assuring you that, whether in the character of an officer at the head of a corps of gallant French (if circumstances should require this), whether as a major-general commanding a division of the American army, or whether, after our swords and spears have given place to the ploughshare and the pruninghook, I see you as a private gentleman, a friend and companion, I shall welcome you with all the warmth of friendship to Columbia's shores and, in the latter case, to my rural cottage, where homely fare and a cordial reception, shall be substituted for delicacies and costly living. This, from past experience, I know you can submit to; and if the lovely partner of your happiness will consent to participate with us in such rural entertainment and amusements, I can undertake, on behalf of Mrs. Washington, that she will do everything in her power to make Virginia agreeable to the Marchioness My inclination and endeavours to do this cannot be doubted, when I assure you, that I love everybody that is dear to you, and consequently participate in the pleasure you feel in the prospect of again becoming a parent, and do most sincerely congratulate you and your

lady on this fresh pledge she is about to give you of her love.

Almost in Despair

[In March, 1781, an expedition in Virginia against Benedict Arnold was unsuccessful. This disappointment, coming after serious misfortunes, brought Washington to the brink of despair. He wrote to Colonel John Laurens, Minister at Paris:]

Headquarters, New Windsor,
April 8, 1781.

. . . The failure of this expedition, which was most flattering in the commencement, is much to be regretted; because a successful blow in that quarter would, in all probability, have given a decisive turn to our affairs in all the Southern states; because it has been attended with considerable expense on our part, and much inconvenience to the state of Virginia, by the assembling of our militia; because the world is disappointed at not seeing Arnold in gibbets; and above all because we stood in need of something to keep us afloat till the result of your mission is known; for be assured, my dear Laurens, day does not follow night more certainly, than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war, without the aids you were directed to solicit. As an honest and candid man, as a man whose all depends on the final and happy termination of the present contest, I assert this, while I give it decisively as my opinion, that

without a foreign loan, our present force (which is but the remnant of an army), cannot be kept together this campaign, much less will it be increased, and in readiness for another.

. . . If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance; not from choice, but from hard and absolute necessity; and you may rely on it as a fact, that we cannot transport the provisions from the states in which they are assessed, to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters, who will no longer work for certificates. It is equally certain that the troops are fast approaching to nakedness, and that we have nothing to clothe them with; that the hospitals are without medicines, and our sick without nutriment except such as well men eat; that all our public works are at a stand, and the artificers disbanding. But why need I run into detail, when it may be declared in a word that we are at the end of our tether, and now or never our deliverance must come. . . . How easy would it be to retort the enemy's own game upon them; if it could be made to comport with the general plan of the war, to keep a superior fleet always in these seas, and France would put us in condition to be active, by advancing us money. The ruin of the enemy's schemes would then be certain; the bold game they are now playing would be the means to effect it; for they would

be reduced to the necessity of concentrating their force at capital points; thereby giving up all the advantages they have gained in the Southern states, or be vulnerable everywhere. . . .

His Suffering Army

[Hardship in the field provoked Washington's soldiers to the utmost discontent. He wrote to General Henry Knox, Secretary of War:]

Headquarters, October 2, 1782.

. . . While I premise that no one I have seen or heard of appears opposed to the principle of reducing the army as circumstances may require; yet I cannot help fearing the result of the measure in contemplation, under present circumstances, when I see such a number of men, goaded by a thousand stings of reflection on the past, and of anticipation on the future, about to be turned into the world, soured by penury, and what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debts, without one farthing of money to carry them home, and after having spent the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies, in establishing the freedom and independence of their country, and suffered everything that human nature is capable of enduring on this side of death. I repeat it, that when I consider the irritating circumstances, without one thing to soothe their feelings or dispel the gloomy prospects, I cannot avoid apprehending that a train of evils will follow of a very serious and distressing nature. . . .

I wish not to heighten the shades of the picture so far as the real life would justify me in doing or I would give anecdotes of patriotism and distress, which have scarcely ever been paralleled, never surpassed in the history of mankind. But you may rely upon it, the patience and long sufferance of this army are almost exhausted, and that there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at this instant. While in the field, I think it may be kept from breaking out into acts of outrage; but when we retire into winter-quarters, unless the storm is previously dissipated, I cannot be at ease respecting the consequences. It is high time for a peace.

Let Only the Truth About Himself Be Told

[The severest critic of Washington was the valiant and eccentric General Charles Lee, who died in October, 1782. After his death it was proposed that his manuscripts be published. Mr. William Goddard asked Washington if any of these manuscripts which might be displeasing to him should be withheld from publication. He received this reply]

Mount Vernon, June 11, 1785.

. . . Your own good judgment must direct you in the publication of the manuscript papers of General Lee. I can have no request to make concerning the work. I never had a difference with that gentleman but on public grounds; and my conduct towards him on this occasion was such, only, as I felt myself indispensably bound to adopt in discharge of the public trust reposed

in me. If this produced in him unfavourable sentiments of me, I can never consider the conduct I pursued, with respect to him, either wrong or improper, however I may regret that it may have been differently viewed by him, and that it excited his anger and animadversions. Should there appear in General Lee's writings anything injurious or unfriendly to me, the impartial and dispassionate world must decide how far I deserved it from the general tenor of my conduct.

I am gliding down the stream of life, and wish, as is natural, that my remaining days may be undisturbed and tranquil; and, conscious of my integrity, I would willingly hope that nothing would occur tending to give me anxiety; but should anything present itself in this or any other publication, I shall never undertake the painful task of recrimination, nor do I know that I should even enter upon my justification. I consider the communication you have made as a mark of great attention, and the whole letter as a proof of esteem.

On the Political Perils of 1786

[John Jay, afterward Chief Justice, was in 1786 Secretary of Foreign Affairs. He communicated to Washington his fears of imminent political disaster; he felt even more apprehensive than during the war. In the course of his response Washington said:]

Mount Vernon, August 1, 1786.

. . . Your sentiments that our affairs are drawing rapidly to a crisis accord with my own.

What the event will be is also beyond the reach of my foresight. We have errors to correct. We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation. Experience has taught us that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures the best calculated for their own good, without the intervention of coercive power. I do not conceive we can exist long as a nation, without lodging, somewhere, a power which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner, as the authority of the state governments extends over the several states.

To be fearful of investing Congress, constituted as that body is, with ample authorities for national purposes, appears to me the very climax of popular absurdity and madness. Could Congress exert them for the detriment of the people, without injuring themselves in an equal or greater proportion? Are not their interests inseparably connected with those of their constituents? By the rotation of appointments must they not mingle frequently with the mass of the citizens? Is it not rather to be apprehended, if they were not possessed of the powers before described, that the individual members would be induced to use them, on many occasions, very timidly and inefficaciously, for fear of losing their popularity and future election? We must take human nature as we find it; perfection falls not to the share of mortals.

What then is to be done? Things cannot go on in the same strain for ever. It is much to be feared, as you observe, that the better kind of people, being disgusted with the circumstances, will have their minds prepared for any revolution whatever. We are apt to run from one extreme to another. . . . . I am told that even respectable characters speak of a monarchical form of government without horror. From thinking proceeds speaking, thence to acting is often but a single step. But how irrevocable and tremendous! What a triumph for our enemies to verify their predictions! What a triumph for the advocates of despotism to find that we are incapable of governing ourselves, and that systems, founded on the basis of equal liberty, are merely ideal and fallacious! Would to God that wise measures may be taken in time to avert the consequences we have but too much reason to apprehend.

Retired as I am from the world, I frankly acknowledge I cannot feel myself an unconcerned spectator. Yet having happily assisted in bringing the ship into port, and, having been fairly discharged, it is not my business to embark again on the sea of troubles. Nor could it be expected that my sentiments and opinion would have much weight on the minds of my countrymen. They have been neglected, though given as a last legacy, in a most solemn manner. I then perhaps had some claims to

public attention. I consider myself as having none at present.

On His Nomination as First President of the United States

[In 1786, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it became necessary to elect a President of the United States. The nation strongly felt that Washington was the one man for this great office. Before the machinery of nomination and election could be set in motion, Colonel Lee, "Light Horse Harry Lee" of Virginia, a warm friend of Washington, urged him to accept the post which would certainly be offered to him. Washington responded:]

Mount Vernon, September 22, 1786.

. . . The event to which you allude may never happen, among other reasons, because if the partiality of my fellow-citizens conceive it to be a means by which the sinews of the new government would be strengthened, it will of consequence be obnoxious to those who are in opposition to it, many of whom will unquestionably be placed among the electors. This consideration alone would supersede the expediency of announcing any definitive and irrevocable resolution. You are among the small number of those who know my invincible attachment to domestic life, and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it solely until my final hour. But the world would be neither so well instructed, nor so candidly disposed as to believe me uninfluenced by sinister motives, in case any circumstance should render a deviation from

the line of conduct I had prescribed to myself indispensable.

Should the contingency you suggest take place, and (for argument's sake alone let me say it) should my unfeigned reluctance to accept the office be overcome by a deference for the reason and opinions of my friends; might I not, after the declarations I have made (and heaven knows they were made in the sincerity of my heart), in the judgment of the impartial world and of posterity, be chargeable with levity and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition? Nay, further, would there not be some apparent foundation for the two former charges? Now justice to myself, and tranquillity of conscience require, that I should act a part, if not above imputation, at least capable of vindication. Nor will you conceive me to be too solicitous for reputation. Though I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet, if I know myself, I would not seek popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue.

While doing what my conscience informed me was right, as it respected my God, my country and myself, I should despise all the party clamour and unjust censure, which must be expected from some, whose personal enmity might be occasioned by their hostility to the Government. I am conscious, that I fear alone to give any real occasion for obloquy, and that I do not dread to meet with unmerited reproach. And certain I am, whensoever I shall be convinced

the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude.

If I declined the task, it would lie upon quite another principle. Notwithstanding my advanced season of life, my increasing fondness for agricultural amusements, and my growing love of retirement, augment and confirm my decided predilection for the character of a private citizen, yet it would be no one of these motives, nor the hazard to which my former reputation might be exposed, nor the terror of encountering new fatigues and troubles, that would deter me from an acceptance; but a belief that some other person, who had less pretence and less inclination to be excused, could execute all the duties full as satisfactorily as myself.

Had no Wish to be President

[There was a delay in forming a quorum of Congress, so that the votes for President by the electoral college could not be counted until early in April. The vote proved to be unanimously for Washington. A few days before the count he wrote to General Knox:]

Mount Vernon, April 1, 1787.

. . . The delay may be compared to a reprieve; for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit), that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution;

so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations, which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me.

His Delight in Agriculture

[Washington was happiest at home, on his plantation, sowing and reaping, building and road-making. He was well abreast of the agricultural science of his day, and one of his correspondents was Arthur Young, the famous English writer on tillage. He sent him a note:]

Mount Vernon, December 4, 1788.

. . . The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can nowhere find so much satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vainglory that can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquest. I design this

observation only to show how much, as a member of human society, I feel myself obliged by your labours to render respectable and advantageous, an employment which is more congenial to the natural disposition of mankind than any other.

A Peacemaker

[There was at times dissension among the counsellors of Washington. Jefferson and Hamilton, for whom he had the highest respect, quarreled often and seriously. At a time when Indians on the Northern and Southern frontiers were giving Washington much trouble, with the aid, as he had reason to believe, of England and Spain, he concludes a letter to Jefferson:]

Mount Vernon, August 23, 1792.

. . . How unfortunate then, and how much to be regretted that, while we are encompassed on all sides with armed enemies and insidious friends, internal dissension should be harrowing and tearing our vitals. The latter, to me, is the most serious, the most alarming and the most afflicting of the two; and without more charity for the opinions and acts of one another in governmental matters, or some more infallible criterion by which the truth of speculative opinions, before they have undergone the test of experience, are to be forejudged, than has yet fallen to the lot of fallibility, I believe it will be difficult, if not impracticable, to manage the reins of government, or to keep the parts of it together; for if, instead of laying our shoulders to the machine after measures are decided on, one pulls this way and another that, before the

utility of the thing is fairly tried, it must inevitably be torn asunder; and, in my opinion, the fairest prospect of happiness and prosperity that ever was presented to man, will be lost perhaps forever.

My earnest wish and fondest hope, therefore, is, that instead of wounding suspicions and irritating charges, there may be liberal allowances, mutual forbearances, and temporising yieldings on all sides. Under the exercise of these, matters will go on smoothly, and, if possible, more prosperously. Without them, everything must rub; the wheels of government will clog; our enemies will triumph, and, by throwing their weight into the disaffected scale, may accomplish the ruin of the goodly fabric we have been erecting.

On Retiring From Office

[On the second last day of his official career, Washington thus addressed his friend, General Henry Knox, Secretary of War:]

Philadelphia, March 2, 1797.

. . . To the wearied traveller, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace, is too much to be endured by some. To misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been reposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing

short of a change in our political system. The consolation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprive their sting of its poison, and place in the same point of view, both the weakness and malignity of their efforts.

Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics, yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I love, and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . The remainder of my life (which in the course of nature cannot be long), will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling crowd, none would, more than myself, be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon; more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be.

Love and Marriage

[Thus far we have had glimpses of Washington as the commander and the statesman. Let us take a parting glance at him as a man who knew the might of love, who had known many years of happy married life. He writes to his wife's grand-daughter, Eleanor Parke Custis:]

Philadelphia, January 16, 1795.

. . . Men and women feel the same inclination toward each other now that they

always have done, and which they will continue to do, until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon, nor too strongly of your insensibility to, or a resistance of, its powers. In the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable material, however dormant it may be for a time, and like an intimate acquaintance of yours, when the torch is put to it that which is within you may burst into a blaze.

Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or much stinted in its growth. For example (the same may be said of the other sex) a young woman, beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry and what is the consequence? The madness ceases, and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may be and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for

troubling you are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, at least until you have secured your game, the way by which it may be accomplished.

When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it. Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? . . . Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated — delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, have precluded all advances on your part. The declaration, without the most indirect invitation of yours, must proceed from the man, to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. . .

JEFFERSON

["The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," in twelve volumes, are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. They were edited by the late Paul Leicester Ford, who contributed an Introduction of high critical value. He said in part:

". . . In the rebuilding of government [after the Revolution], the classes secured an influence far out of proportion to their numbers. In the state constitutions they succeeded in somewhat curtailing and limiting the popular control; and later, in the formation of our national constitution they sought still further to wrest powers from the people, both by grants, which interposed barriers to the direct delegation of power from the people to the executive, judiciary, and one of the legislative branches, and by clauses properly worded so as to leave the question of the quantity of power granted to the decision of men who would almost certainly be drawn from the classes. And a resulting political party attempted to carry this policy still further. Had government been merely a matter of intellect and ability, the Federalists would have succeeded in controlling and fixing its character in this country. That when they had done their work of construction, they were excluded from office, without ever comprehending the reason, proves how little they understood the tendency, intelligence, and power of the forces they were attempting to circumscribe. Unlike the Federalists, Jefferson was willing to discard the tradition of ages — that the people must be protected against themselves by the brains, money, and 'better elements' of the country — and for this reason American democracy made him its chosen agent and mouthpiece.

". . . Because he believed that only the people truly knew what the people needed; that those who could take care of themselves were wise and practical enough to help care for the nation; and that the only way of enforcing laws was that they should be made by those who are to obey them, he undertook, with reluctance and self-sacrifice, to be

the instrument of popular action. That he was the founder of the Democratic party is a claim little less than absurd, for there has always been, and always will be, such a party. But he united the democratic elements on certain principles and objects, and proved himself such a leader as the party has seldom been able to obtain. . . . His methods and results were not always good. His character and conduct had many serious flaws. Yet in some subtle way the people understood him, and forgave in him weaknesses and defects they have seldom condoned. And eventually this judgment will universally obtain, as the fact becomes clearer and clearer, that neither national independence nor state sovereignty, with the national and party rancours that attach to them, were the controlling aim and attempt of his life; that no party or temporary advantage was the object of his endeavours, but that he fought for the ever enduring privilege of personal freedom . . . ."

In 1821, in his seventy-seventh year, Jefferson began writing an autobiography. He carried it no further than to 1790. Its pages have been drawn upon for three of the selections here presented.

Many lives of Jefferson have appeared. Two of them may here be named: the Life by Henry S. Randall, in three volumes, published in 1858 by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia; and "Thomas Jefferson," by John T. Morse, Jr., a volume of the American Statesmen series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. — Ed.]

How the Declaration of Independence Was Written

[to James Madison]

Monticello, August 30, 1823.

. . . You have doubtless seen Timothy Pickering's Fourth of July observations on the Declaration of Independence. If his principles and prejudices, personal and political, gave us

no reason to doubt whether he had truly quoted the information he alleges to have received from Mr. Adams, I should then say that in some of the particulars, Mr. Adams's memory has led him into unquestionable error. At the age of eighty-eight, and forty-seven years after the transactions of Independence, this is not wonderful. Nor should I, at the age of eighty, venture to oppose my memory to his, were it not supported by written notes, taken by myself at the moment and on the spot.

He says, "The committee of five, to wit, Doctor Franklin, Sherman, Livingston and ourselves, met, and discussed the subjects, and then appointed him and myself to make the draft; that we, as a sub-committee, met and conned the paper over, and he does not remember that he made or suggested a single alteration." Now these details are quite incorrect. The committee of five met; no such thing as a sub-committee was proposed, but they unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draft. I consented; I drew it: but before I reported it to the committee, I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their corrections, because they were the two members of whose judgments and amendments I wished most to have the benefit, before presenting it to the committee; and you have seen the original paper now in your hands, with the corrections of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams interlined in their own hand-

writings. Their alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal.

I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee, and from them, unaltered, to Congress. This personal communication and consultation with Mr. Adams, he has misremembered into the actings of a sub-committee. Pickering's observations, and Mr. Adams's in addition, "that it contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentiments hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis's pamphlet," may all be true. Of that I am not to be the judge. Richard Henry Lee charged it as copied from Locke's Treatise on Government. Otis's pamphlet I never saw, and whether I had gathered my ideas from reading or reflection I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet in writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before. Had Mr. Adams been so restrained, Congress would have lost the benefit of his bold and impressive advocations of the rights of revolution. For no man's confident and fervid addresses, more than Mr. Adams's, encouraged and supported us through the difficulties surrounding us, which, like the ceaseless action of gravity, weighed on us by night and day. Yet, on the same ground, we may ask which of those elevated thoughts was new, or can be

affirmed never before to have entered the conceptions of man.

Against a Landed Aristocracy

[from the autobiography]

On October 12, 1776, I obtained leave to bring in a bill in the Virginia House of Delegates, declaring tenants of entailed estates to hold their lands in fee simple [without entail]. In the earlier times of the colony, when lands were to be obtained for little or nothing, some provident individuals procured large grants, and, desirous of founding great families for themselves, entailed them on their descendants. The transmission of this property from generation to generation in the same name raised up a distinct set of families who, being privileged by law in the perpetuation of their wealth, were thus formed into a patrician order, distinguished by the splendour and luxury of their establishments. From this order, too, the king habitually selected his Counsellors of State, the hope of which distinction devoted the whole corps to the interests and will of the crown. To annul this privilege, and instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger than benefit to society, to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, which nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with equal hand through all its conditions, was deemed essential to a well ordered

republic. To effect it no violence was necessary, no deprivation of natural right, but rather an enlargement of it by a repeal of the law. For this would authorise the present holder to divide the property among his children equally, as his affections were divided; and would place them, by natural generation on a level of their fellow citizens. . . . The bill passed.

Too Much Talk in Congress

[FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY]

Our body [Congress in 1783] was little numerous, but very contentious. Day after day was wasted on the most unimportant questions. My colleague, John F. Mercer, was one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate; of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words, he heard with impatience any logic which was not his own. Sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, he asked how I could sit in silence hearing so much false reasoning which a word should refute. I observed to him that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence impossible. That in measures brought forward by myself, I took the labouring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that in general I was willing to listen. If every sound argument or objection was used by some one or other of the numerous debaters, it was enough: if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission, without going into a

repetition of what had already been said by others. That this was a waste and an abuse of the time and patience of the house which could not be justified. And I believe that if the members of deliberative bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week, and it is really more questionable, than may at first be thought, whether Bonaparte's dumb legislature which said nothing and did much, may not be preferable to one which talks much and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and, during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? . . .

A Retrospect at Fifty-seven

[written in 1800]

I have sometimes asked myself, whether my country is the better for my having lived at all? I do not know that it is. I have been the instrument of doing the following things; but

they would have been done by others; some of them, perhaps, a little better:

The Rivanna had never been used for navigation; scarcely an empty canoe had ever passed down it. Soon after I came of age, I examined its obstructions, set on foot a subscription for removing them, got an Act of Assembly passed, and the thing effected, so as to be used completely and fully for carrying down all our produce.

The Declaration of Independence.

I proposed the demolition of the church establishment and the freedom of religion. It could only be done by degrees; to wit, the Act of 1776, chapter 2, exempted dissenters from contributions to the Church, and left the Church clergy to be supported by voluntary contributions of their own sect, was continued from year to year, and made perpetual 1779, chapter 36. I prepared the act for religious freedom in 1777, as part of the revisal, which was not reported to the Assembly till 1779, and that particular law not passed till 1785, and then by the efforts of Mr. Madison.

The act of putting an end to entails.

The act of prohibiting the importation of slaves.

The act concerning citizens, and establishing the natural right of man to expatriate himself at will.

The act changing the course of descents, and giving the inheritance to all the children, etc., equally, I drew as part of the revisal.

The act for apportioning crimes and punishments, part of the same work, I drew. . . .

In 1789 and 1790, I had a great number of olive plants, of the best kind, sent from Marseilles to Charleston, for South Carolina and Georgia. They were planted, and are flourishing; and, though not yet multiplied, they will be the germ of that cultivation in those States.

In 1790, I got a cask of heavy upland rice, from the river Denbigh, in Africa, about lat. 9° 30′ north, which I sent to Charleston, in hopes it might supersede the culture of the wet rice, which renders South Carolina and Georgia so pestilential through the summer. It was divided, and a part sent to Georgia. I know not whether it has been attended to in South Carolina, but it has spread in the upper parts of Georgia, so as to have become almost general, and is highly prized. Perhaps it may answer in Tennessee and Kentucky. The greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain; next in value to bread is oil.

[Three years after he wrote these notes, Jefferson effected the purchase of a territory from France which in 1908 sustains at least twenty millions of the population of the United States.]

Regarding the Louisiana Purchase

[TO M. DUPONT DE NEMOURS, MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS, PARIS.]

WASHINGTON, November 1, 1803.

Your favours of April the 6th and June the 27th were duly received, and with the welcome

which everything brings from you. The treaty which has so happily sealed the friendship of our two countries, has been received here with general acclamation. Some inflexible Federalists have still ventured to brave the public opinion. It will fix their character with the world and with posterity, who, not descending to the other points of difference between us, will judge them by this fact, so palpable as to speak for itself, in all times and places. For myself and my country I thank you for the aids you have given in it; and I congratulate you on having lived to give those aids in a transaction replete with blessings to unborn millions of men, and which will mark the face of a portion of the globe so extensive as that which now composes the United States of America. It is true that at this moment a little cloud hovers in the horizon. The Government of Spain has protested against the right of France to transfer; and it is possible she may refuse possession, and that this may bring on acts of force. But against such neighbours as France there, and the United States here, what she can expect from so gross a compound of folly and false faith, is not to be found in the book of wisdom. She is afraid of her enemies in Mexico. But not more than we are. Our policy will be to form New Orleans and the country on both sides of it on the Gulf of Mexico, into a state; and, as to all above that, to transplant our Indians into it, constituting them a Maréchaussée [jurisdic-

tion] to prevent emigrants crossing the river, until we shall have filled up all the vacant country on this side. This will secure both Spain and us as to the mines of Mexico, for half a century, and we may safely trust the provisions of that time to the men who shall live in it.

Aristocracies Real and Unreal

[to john adams]

Monticello, October 28, 1813.

. . . I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. Formerly, bodily powers gave place among the aristoi [best]. But since the invention of gun-powder has armed the weak as well as the strong with missile death, bodily strength, like beauty, good humour, politeness, and other accomplishments, have become but an auxiliary ground of distinction. There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents; for with these it would belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature, for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society. And, indeed, it would have been inconsistent in creation to have formed man for the social state, and not to have provided virtue and wisdom enough to manage the concerns of the society. May we not even

say, that form of government is the best, which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural aristoi [best] into the officers of government? The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its ascendancy. On the question, what is the best provision, you and I differ; but we differ as rational friends, using the free exercise of our own reason, and mutually indulging its errors. You think it best to put the pseudo-aristoi [counterfeit best] into a separate chamber of legislation, where they may be hindered from doing mischief by their coördinate branches, and where, also, they may be a protection to wealth against the Agrarian and plundering enterprises of the majority of the people. I think that to give them power in order to prevent them from doing mischief, is arming them for it, and increasing instead of remedying the evil. For if the coordinate branches can arrest their action, so may they that of the coördinates. Mischief may be done negatively as well as positively. Of this, a cabal in the Senate of the United States has furnished many proofs. Nor do I believe them necessary to protect the wealthy; because enough of these will find their way into every branch of the legislation, to protect themselves. From fifteen to twenty legislatures of our own in action for thirty years past, have proved that no fears of an equalisation of property are to be apprehended from them. I think the best

remedy is exactly that provided by our Constitutions, to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the aristoi from the pseudo-aristoi, of the wheat from the chaff. In general, they will elect the really good and wise. In some instances, wealth may corrupt, and birth blind them; but not in sufficient degree to endanger the society.

Views on Education

[Jefferson was a life-long friend of public education. In 1819 he founded the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.]

. . At the first session of our legislature after the Declaration of Independence, we passed a law abolishing entails. And this was followed by one abolishing the privilege of primogeniture [inheritance chiefly by eldest son] and dividing the lands of intestates [owners of property who leave no wills] equally among all their children, or other representatives. These laws, drawn by myself, laid the axe to the root of pseudo-aristocracy. . . . And had another which I had prepared been adopted by the legislature, our work would have been complete. It was a bill for the more general diffusion of learning. This proposed to divide every county into wards of five or six miles square, like your townships; to establish in every ward a free school for reading, writing, and common arithmetic; to provide for the annual selection of the best subjects from these schools, who might receive,

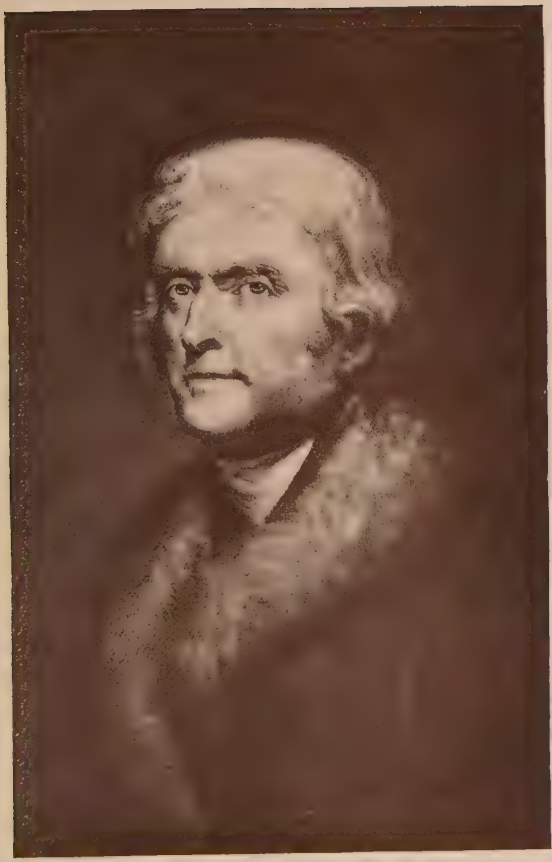
at the public expense, a higher degree of education at a district school; and from these district schools to select a certain number of the most promising subjects, to be completed [in education] at a university, where all the useful sciences should be taught. Worth and genius would thus have been sought out from every condition of life, and completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trusts. My proposition had, for a further object, to impart to these wards those portions of self-government for which they are best qualified, by confiding to them the care of their poor, their roads, police, elections, the nomination of jurors, administration of justice in small cases, elementary exercises of militia; in short, to have them little republics, with a warden at the head of each, for all those concerns which, being under their eye, they would better manage than the larger republics of the county or state.

Education for the Farmer

[to david williams]

Washington, November 14, 1803.

. . . The greatest evils of populous society have ever appeared to me to spring from the vicious distribution of its members among the occupations called for. I have no doubt that those nations are essentially right, which leave this to individual choice, as a better guide to an advantageous distribution, than any other



THOMAS JEFFERSON

which could be devised. But when, by a blind concourse, particular occupations are ruinously overdone, and others left in want of hands, the national authorities can do much toward restoring the equilibrium. On the revival of letters, learning became the universal favourite. And with reason, because there was not enough of it existing to manage the affairs of the nation to the best advantage. All the efforts of society, therefore, were directed to the increase of learning, and the inducements of respect, ease, and profit were held up for its encouragement. To these incitements were added the powerful fascinations of large cities. These circumstances have long since produced an overcharge in the class of competitors for learned occupation, and great distress among the supernumerary candidates; and the more, as their habits of life have disqualified them for reëntering the laborious class.

The evil cannot be suddenly, nor perhaps ever entirely cured. Doubtless there are many means which the nation might bring to bear on this subject. Public opinion and public encouragement are among these. The class principally defective is that of agriculture. It is the first in utility and ought to be the first in respect. The same artificial means which have been used to produce a competition in learning, may be equally successful in restoring agriculture to its primary dignity in the eyes of men. It is a science of the very first order. It counts among

its handmaids Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Mathematics, Natural History and Botany. In every college and university, a Professorship of Agriculture, and the class of its students, might be honoured as the first, young men closing their academical education with this, as the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms, and at a time when they are to choose an occupation, instead of crowding the other classes, would return to the farms of their fathers, their own, or that of others, and replenish and invigorate a calling, now languishing. The schools, instead of storing their pupils with a lore which the present state of society does not call for, converted into schools of agriculture, might restore them to that great calling, qualified to enrich and honour themselves, and to increase the productions of the nation instead of consuming them. . . .

An Optimist at Seventy-three

[to john adams]

Monticello, April 8, 1816.

You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say yea. I think with you that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed, (who might say nay) gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted

with the present, and despairing of the future; always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. There are, I acknowledge, even in the happiest life, some terrible convulsions, heavy set-offs against the opposite page of the account. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. All our other passions, within proper bounds, have a useful object. And the perfection of the moral character is, not in a stoical apathy, so hypocritically vaunted, and so untruly too, because impossible, but in a just equilibrium of all the passions. I wish the pathologists then, would tell us what is the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote.

On the Character of Washington

[to dr. walter jones]

Monticello, January 2, 1814.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton

Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

in his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did

nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. . . .

On State Rights

[to william b. giles]

Monticello, December 26, 1825.

I wrote you a letter yesterday, of which you will be free to make what use you please. This will contain matters not intended for the public eye. I see, as you do, and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the federal branch of our Government is advancing toward the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the states, and the consolidation in itself of all powers, foreign and domestic; and that too, by constructions which, if legitimate, leave no limits to their power. Take together the decisions of the federal court, the doctrines of the President, and the misconstructions of the

constitutional compact acted on by the legislature of the federal branch, and it is but too evident, that the three ruling branches of that department are in combination to strip their colleagues, the state authorities, of the powers reserved by them, and to exercise themselves all functions foreign and domestic. Under the power to regulate commerce, they assume indefinitely that also over agriculture and manufactures, and call it regulation to take the earnings of one of these branches of industry, and that, too, the most depressed, and put them into the pockets of the other, the most flourishing of all. Under the authority to establish post roads, they claim that of cutting down mountains for the construction of roads, of digging canals, and aided by a little sophistry on the words "general welfare," a right to do, not only the acts to effect that, which are specifically enumerated and permitted, but whatsoever they shall think, or pretend will be for the general welfare. And what is our resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them. The representatives chosen by ourselves? They are joined in the combination, some from incorrect views of government, some from corrupt ones, sufficient voting together to outnumber the sound parts; and with majorities only of one, two, or three, bold enough to go forward in defiance. Are we then

to stand to our arms, with the hot-headed Georgian? No. That must be the last resource, not to be thought of until much longer and greater sufferings. If every infraction of a compact of so many parties is to be resisted at once, as a dissolution of it, none can ever be formed which would last one year. We must have patience and longer endurance then with our brethren while under delusion; give them time for reflection and experience of consequences; keep ourselves in a situation to profit by the chapter of accidents; and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left are the dissolution of our Union with them or submission to a government without limitation of powers. Between these two evils, when we must make a choice, there can be no hesitation. But in the meanwhile, the states should be watchful to note every material usurpation on their rights; to denounce them as they occur in the most peremptory terms; to protest against them as wrongs to which our present submission shall be considered, not as acknowledgments or precedents of right, but as a temporary yielding to the lesser evil, until their accumulation shall overweigh that of separation. I would go still further, and give to the federal member, by a regular amendment of the Constitution, a right to make roads and canals of intercommunication between the states, providing sufficiently against corrupt practices in Congress (log-rolling, etc.) by declaring that

the federal proportion of each state of the moneys so employed, shall be in works within the state, or elsewhere with its consent, and with a due salvo of jurisdiction. This is the course which I think safest and best as yet.

As to the Judiciary

[from the autobiography]

[Jefferson recalls the Convention held in 1787, in Philadelphia, for the purpose of drafting the Constitution. He describes how the original proposal of electing the President was amended. He continues:]

But there was another amendment of which none of us thought at the time, and in the omission of which lurks the germ that is to destroy this happy combination of national powers in the General Government for matters of national concern, and independent powers in the states for what concerns the states severally. In England it was a great point gained at the Revolution that the commissions of the judges, which had hitherto been during pleasure, should thenceforth be made during good behaviour. A judiciary dependent on the will of the King had proved itself the most oppressive of all tools in the hands of that magistrate. Nothing then could be more salutary than a change there to the tenure of good behaviour; and the question of good behaviour left to the vote of a simple majority in the two houses of Parliament. Before the Revolution [in America] we were all good English Whigs, cordial in their

free principles, and in their jealousies of their executive magistrate. These jealousies are very apparent in all state constitutions; and in the general government in this instance, we have gone even beyond the English caution, by requiring a vote of two-thirds in one of the Houses for removing a judge; a vote so impossible where any defence is made, before men of ordinary prejudices and passions, that our judges are effectually independent of the nation. But this ought not to be. I would not indeed make them dependent on the executive authority, as they formerly were in England; but I deem it indispensable to the continuance of this government that they should be submitted to some practical and impartial control: and that this, to be imparted, must be compounded of a mixture of state and federal authorities. It is not enough that honest men are appointed judges. All know the influence of interest on the mind of man, and how unconsciously his judgment is warped by that influence. To this bias add that of the *esprit de corps*, of their peculiar maxim and creed that "it is the office of a good judge to enlarge his jurisdiction," and the absence of responsibility, and how can we expect impartial decision between the General Government, of which they are themselves so eminent a part, and an individual state from which they have nothing to hope or fear? We have seen, too, that, contrary to all correct example, they are in the habit of going out of

the question before them, to throw an anchor ahead and grapple further hold for future advances of power. They are then in fact the corps of sappers and miners, steadily working to undermine the independent rights of the states, and to consolidate all power in the hands of that government in which they have so important a freehold estate.

But it is not by the consolidation or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected. Were not this great country already divided into states, that division must [would] be made, that each might do for itself what concerns itself directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority. Every state again is divided into counties, each to take care of what lies within its own local bounds; each county again into townships or wards, to manage minuter details; and every ward into farms, to be governed each by its individual proprietor. Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread. It is by this partition of cares, descending in gradation from general to particular, that the mass of human affairs may be best managed for the good and prosperity of all. I repeat that I do not charge the judges with wilful and ill-intentioned error; but honest error must be arrested when its toleration leads to public ruin. As for the safety of society, we commit honest maniacs to Bedlam, so judges should be

withdrawn from their bench, whose erroneous biases are leading us to dissolution. It may indeed harm them in fame or fortune; but it saves the republic, which is the first and supreme law.

Counsel to a Grandson

[to thomas jefferson smith]

Monticello, February 21, 1825.

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favourable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbour as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

The portrait of a good man by the most sublime of poets, for your imitation

Lord, who 's the happy man that may to Thy
blest courts repair,

Not stranger-like to visit them, but to inhabit there?
'Tis he whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge, his neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report, by mali e whispered round.
Who vice, in all its pomp and power, can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags, religiously respect.
Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood,
And though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ,
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.
The man, who by this steady course, has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand, by Providence secur'd.

A DECALOGUE OF CANONS FOR OBSERVATION IN PRACTICAL LIFE

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle.

10. When angry, count ten, before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The Works of Alexander Hamilton in nine volumes were published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1885. Their editor, the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, says in the course of his preface.

"Two schools of political thought have existed in the United States, and their struggle for supremacy has made the history of the country. One was the national school, the other was the school of states-rights. One believed in a liberal construction of the constitution, and in a strong and energetic federal government, wielding all its powers to their full extent. The other believed in a strict construction of the constitution, in a simple and restrained federal government, exercising in a limited way only such powers as were absolutely needful. One was founded by Alexander Hamilton, the other by Thomas Jefferson. On the one side it was maintained that the United States ought to be, and were, a nation; on the other, that the Union was a confederacy. The conflict between these opposing forces began at the close of the Revolution, was ardent in the convention which framed the constitution, continued with ever-increasing intensity for seventy years, and then culminated in the civil war. In that fierce battle the national principle, which had strengthened with every year from the time of the formation of the government, triumphed, and it is now supreme.

"The dominant purpose of Hamilton's life was the creation of a national sentiment, and thereby the making of a great and powerful nation from the discordant elements furnished by thirteen jarring states. To the accomplishment of this purpose everything he said and did as a public man was steadily and strongly directed. The influence of the policy of Washington's administration upon the establishment and development of this great nation of ours cannot be overestimated. Much of that policy was due to Hamilton alone, and in all parts of it he made himself deeply felt. Yet his

masterly policy as Secretary of the Treasury, and as cabinet officer, as well as the active and influential part he took in the constitutional conventions, represent but a small part of his services to the cause of nationality. Hamilton's greatest work was in creating, forming and guiding a powerful public opinion in support of a national system, and the sentiment thus brought into being went steadily on with ever-increasing force, until it prevailed over all its enemies. Hamilton achieved his success by the profound influence which he exerted upon the public mind. No statesman in our history has ever swayed so many of the leading men among his contemporaries as Hamilton, and at the same time he appealed by his pen to the largest popular audience of any man of his day. He was the first teacher in the school of national politics. The sacred fire once lighted never went out, and the principles then inculcated were carried forward and ever raised higher through the after years."

From the volumes edited by Mr. Lodge, the following letters have been taken. Mr. Lodge has written a capital Life of Hamilton, published in the American Statesmen series, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. — Ed.]

Sketches His Life

[To — Hamilton, a kinsman in Scotland]

Albany, New York, May 2, 1797.

Some days since I received with great pleasure your letter of the 10th of March. The mark it affords of your kind attention, and the particular account it gives me of so many relations in Scotland are extremely gratifying to me. You, no doubt, have understood that my father's affairs at a very early day went to wreck, so as to have rendered his situation during the greatest part of his life far from eligible. This state of things occasioned a separation between

him and me, when I was very young, and threw me upon the bounty of my mother's relatives, some of whom were then wealthy, though by vicissitudes to which human affairs are so liable, they have been since much reduced and broken up. Myself, at about sixteen, came to this country. Having always had a strong propensity to literary pursuits, by a course of study and laborious exertion, I was able, by the age of nineteen, to qualify myself for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the (Columbia) College of New York, and to lay the foundation by preparatory study for the future profession of the law.

The American Revolution supervened. My principles led me to take part in it; at nineteen, I entered into the American army as captain of artillery. Shortly after I became, by his invitation, aide-de-camp to General Washington, in which station I served until the commencement of that campaign which ended with the siege of York in Virginia, and the capture of Cornwallis's army. The campaign I made at the head of a corps of light infantry, with which I was present at the siege of York, and engaged in some interesting operations.

At the period of peace with Great Britain I found myself a member of Congress, by appointment of the legislature of this state.

After the peace I settled in the city of New York, in the practice of the law, and was in a very lucrative course of practice, when the

derangement of our public affairs, by the feebleness of the general Confederation, drew me again reluctantly into public life. I became a member of the Convention which framed the present constitution of the United States; and having taken part in this measure, I conceived myself to be under an obligation to lend my aid toward putting the machine in some regular motion Hence, I did not hesitate to accept the offer of President Washington to undertake the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

In that office I met with many intrinsic difficulties, and many artificial ones, proceeding from passions, not very worthy, common to human nature, and which act with peculiar force in republics. The object, however, was effected of establishing public credit and introducing order in the finances.

Public office in this country, has few attractions. The pecuniary emolument is so inconsiderable as to amount to a sacrifice to any man who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession. The opportunity of doing good, from the jealousy of power and the spirit of faction, is too small in any station to warrant a long continuance of private sacrifices. The enterprises of party had so far succeeded as materially to weaken the necessary influence and energy of the executive authority, and so far diminish the power of doing good in that department, as greatly to take away the motives which a virtuous man might have for making sacrifices.

The prospect was even bad for gratifying in future the love of fame, if that passion was to be the spring of action.

The union of these motives, with the reflections of prudence in relation to a growing family, determined me as soon as my plan had attained a certain maturity, to withdraw from office. This I did by a resignation about two years since, when I resumed the profession of the law in the city of New York under every advantage I could desire.

It is a pleasant reflection to me that since the commencement of my connection with General Washington to the present time, I have possessed a flattering share of his confidence and friendship.

Having given you a brief sketch of my political career, I proceed to some further family details.

In the year 1780 I married the second daughter of General Schuyler, a gentleman of one of the best families of this country, of large fortune, and no less personal and political consequence. It is impossible to be happier than I am in a wife; and I have five children, four sons and a daughter, the eldest a son somewhat past fifteen, who all promise as well as their years permit, and yield me much satisfaction. Though I have been too much in public life to be wealthy, my situation is extremely comfortable, and leaves me nothing to wish for but a continuance of health. With this blessing, the profits of my profession and other prospects authorise an expectation of such additions to my resources, as will

render the eve of my life easy and agreeable, so far as may depend upon this consideration.

It is now several months since I have heard from my father, who continued at the island of St. Vincent's. My anxiety at this silence would be greater than it is, were it not for the considerable interruption and precariousness of intercourse which is produced by the war.

I have strongly pressed the old gentleman to come and reside with me, which would afford him every enjoyment of which his advanced age is capable; but he has declined it on the ground that the advice of his physicians leads him to fear that the change of climate would be fatal to him. The next thing for me is, in proportion to my means, to endeavour to increase his comforts where he is.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to receive your son Robert at my house in New York, and still more to be of use to him; to which end my recommendation and interest will not be wanting, and I hope not unavailing. It is my intention to embrace the opening which your letter affords me to extend my intercourse with my relations in your country, which will be a new source of satisfaction to me

A Plea for the Army

[to washington]

Philadelphia, February 7, 1783.

Flattering myself that your knowledge of me will induce you to receive the observations I

make, as dictated by a regard to the public good, I take the liberty to suggest to you my ideas on some matters of delicacy and importance. I view the present juncture as a very interesting one. I need not observe how far the temper and situation of the army make it so. The state of our finances will perhaps never be more critical. I am under injunctions that will not permit me to disclose some facts that would at once demonstrate this position; but I think it probable you will be possessed of them through another channel. It is, however, certain that there has scarcely been a period of the Revolution which called more for wisdom and decision in Congress. Unfortunately for us we are a body not governed by reason or foresight, but by circumstances. It is probable we shall not take the proper measures; and, if we do not, a few months may open an embarrassing scene. This will be the case whether we have peace [with Great Britain] or a continuance of the war.

If the war continues, it would seem that the army must, in June, subsist itself, to defend the country. If peace should take place, it will subsist itself, to procure justice to itself. It appears to be a prevailing opinion in the army that the disposition to recompense their services will cease with the necessity for them, and that, if they once lay down their arms, they part with the means of obtaining justice. It is to be lamented that appearances afford too much ground for their distrust.

It becomes a serious inquiry: What is the true line of policy? The claims of the army urged with moderation, but with firmness, may operate on those weak minds which are influenced by their apprehensions more than by their judgments, so as to produce a concurrence in the measures which the exigencies of affairs demand. They may add weight to the applications of Congress to the several States. So far a useful turn may be given to them. But the difficulty will be to keep a complaining and suffering army within the bounds of moderation.

This your Excellency's influence must effect. In order to do it, it will be advisable not to discountenance their endeavours to procure redress, but rather, by the intervention of confidential and prudent persons, to take the direction of them. This, however, must not appear. It is of moment to the public tranquility, that your Excellency should preserve the confidence of the army without losing that of the people. This will enable you, in case of extremity, to guide the current, and to bring order, perhaps even good, out of confusion. 'T is a part that requires address; but 't is one which your own situation, as well as the welfare of the community, points out.

I will not conceal from your Excellency a truth which it is necessary you should know. An idea is propagated in the army that delicacy, carried to an extreme, prevents your espousing its interests with sufficient warmth. The false-

hood of this opinion no one can be better acquainted with than myself, but it is not the less mischievous for being false. Its tendency is to impair that influence which you may exert with advantage, should any commotions unhappily ensue, to moderate the pretensions of the army, and make their conduct correspond with their duty.

The great desideratum at present is the establishment of general funds, which alone can do justice to the creditors of the United States (of whom the army forms the most meritorious class), restore public credit, and supply the future wants of the Government. This is the object of all men of sense. In this the influence of the army, properly directed may coöperate.

The intimations I have thrown out will suffice to give your Excellency a proper conception of my sentiments. You will judge of their reasonableness or fallacy, but I persuade myself you will do justice to my motives. General Knox has the confidence of the army, and is a man of sense. I think he may safely be made use of. Situated as I am, your Excellency will feel the confidential nature of these observations.

Disruptive Forces Deplored

[to washington]

Philadelphia, March 24, 1783.

Your Excellency will, before this reaches you, have received a letter from the Marquis de

Lafayette, informing you that the preliminaries of peace between all the belligerent powers have been concluded. I congratulate your Excellency on this happy conclusion of your labours. It now only remains to make solid establishments within, to perpetuate our Union, to prevent our being a ball in the hands of European powers, bandied against each other at their pleasure, in fine, to make our independence truly a blessing. This, it is to be lamented, will be an arduous work; for, to borrow a figure from mechanics, the centrifugal is much stronger than the centripetal force in these states — the seeds of disunion much more numerous than those of union.

I will add that your Excellency's exertions are as essential to accomplish this end, as they have been to establish independence. I will upon a future occasion open myself upon this subject.

The Federal Union Must Be Strong

[to washington]

Albany, September 30, 1783.

As I flatter myself I may indulge a consciousness that my services have been of some value to the public, at least enough to merit the small compensation I wish, I will make no apology to your Excellency for conveying, through you, that wish to Congress. You are able to inform them, if they wish information

in what degree I may have been useful; and I have entire confidence that you will do me justice.

In a letter which I wrote to you several months ago, I intimated that it might be in your power to contribute to the establishment of our Federal Union upon a more solid basis. I have never since explained myself. At the time, I was in hopes Congress might have been induced to take decisive ground, to inform their constituents of the imperfections of the present system, and of the impossibility of conducting the public affairs, with honour to themselves and advantage to the community, with powers so disproportionate to their responsibility; and, having done this, in a full and forcible manner, to adjourn the moment the definitive treaty was ratified. In retiring at the same juncture, I wished you, in a solemn manner, to declare to the people your intended retreat from public concerns, your opinion of the present government, and of the absolute necessity for a change.

Before I left Congress I despaired of the first, and your circular-letter to the states had anticipated the last. I trust it will not be without effect, though I am persuaded it would have had more, combined with what I have mentioned. At all events, without compliment, sir, it will do you honour with the sensible and well-meaning; and, ultimately, it is to be hoped, with the people at large.

when the present epidemic frenzy has subsided. . . .

Urging His Acceptance of the Presidency

[to washington]

New York, September, 1788.

. . . I should be deeply pained, my dear sir, if your scruples in regard to a certain station should be matured into a resolution to decline it, though I am neither surprised at their existence, nor can I but agree in opinion that the caution you observe in deferring an ultimate determination is prudent. I have, however, reflected maturely on the subject, and have come to the conclusion (in which I feel no hesitation), that every public and personal consideration will demand from you an acquiescence in what will certainly be the unanimous wish of your country. The absolute retreat which you meditated at the close of the late war was natural and proper. Had the government produced by the Revolution gone on in a tolerable train, it would have been most advisable to have persisted in that retreat. But I am clearly of opinion that the crisis which brought you again into public view left you no alternative but to comply, and I am equally clear in the opinion that you are by that act pledged to take a part in the execution of the government. I am not less convinced that the impression of this necessity of your filling the station in question is so universal, that you run

no risk of any uncandid imputation by submitting to it. But even if this were not the case, a regard to your own reputation, as well as to the public good, calls upon you in the strongest manner to run that risk.

It cannot be considered as a compliment to say that on your acceptance of the office of President the success of the new government in its commencement may materially depend. Your agency and influence will be not less important in preserving it from the future attacks of its enemies than they have been in recommending it in the first instance to the adoption of the people. Independent of all considerations drawn from this source, the point of light in which you stand at home and abroad will make an infinite difference in the respectability with which the government will begin its operations in the alternative of your being or not being at the head of it. I forbear to urge considerations which might have a more personal application. What I have said will suffice for the inferences I mean to draw. . . .

Weakness of the Federal Government

[to washington]

April 10, 1791.

. . . It is to be lamented that our system is such as still to leave the public peace of the Union at the mercy of each state government. This is not only the case as regards direct inter-

ferences, but as it regards the inability of the national government, in many particulars, to take those direct measures for carrying into execution its views and engagements which exigencies require. For example: a party comes from a county in Virginia into Pennsylvania and wantonly murders some friendly Indians. The national government, instead of having power to apprehend murderers and bring them to justice, is obliged to make a representation to that of Pennsylvania; that of Pennsylvania again is to make a representation to that of Virginia. And whether the murderers shall be brought to justice at all, must depend upon the particular policy and energy and good disposition of two state governments and the efficacy of the provisions of their respective laws; and the security of other states, and the money of all, are at the discretion of one. These things require a remedy.

The Art of Putting Things

[to washington]

November 5, 1796.

Yesterday, after the departure of the post, I received your letter of the 3d. I have since seen the answer to Adet [minister from France]. I perceive in it nothing intrinsically exceptionable, but something in the manner a little epigrammatical and sharp. I make this remark freely, because the card now to be played is

perhaps the most delicate that has occurred in our administration, and nations, like individuals, sometimes get into squabbles from the manner more than the matter that passes between them. It is all-important to us — first, if possible, to avoid rupture with France; secondly, if that cannot be, to evince to the people that there has been an unequivocal disposition to avoid it. Our discussions, therefore, ought to be calm, smooth, inclined to the argumentative; when remonstrance and complaint are unavoidable, carrying upon the face of them a reluctance and regret, mingling a steady assertion of our rights and adherence to principle with the language of moderation, and, as long as it can be done, of friendship.

I am the more particular in these observations, because I know that Mr. Pickering, [Secretary of State], who is a very worthy man, has nevertheless something warm and angular in his temper, and will require much a vigilant, moderating eye. . . .

With Regard to a Post in the Army

[to washington]

New York, June 2, 1798.

. . . It is a great satisfaction to me to ascertain what I had anticipated in hope, that you are not determined in an adequate emergency against affording once more your military services. There is no one but yourself that would

unite the public confidence in such an emergency, independent of other considerations, and it is of the last importance that this confidence should be full and complete. As to the wish of the country, it is certain that it will be ardent and universal. You intimate a desire to be informed what would be my part in such an event as to entering into military service, I have no scruple about opening myself to you on this point. If I am invited to a station in which the service I may render may be proportionate to the sacrifice I am to make, I shall be willing to go into the army. If you command, the place in which I should hope to be most useful is that of Inspector-General, with a command in the line. This I would accept. The public must judge for itself as to whom it will employ, but every individual must judge for himself as to the terms on which he will serve, and consequently must estimate his own pretensions. . . .

On Jefferson and Burr

[TO OLIVER WOLCOTT, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY]

New York, December 16, 1800.

It is now, my dear sir, ascertained that Jefferson or Burr will be President, and it seems probable that they will come with equal votes to the House of Representatives. It is also circulated here that, in this event, the Federa-

lists in Congress, or some of them, talk of preferring Burr. I trust New England at least, will not so far lose its head as to fall into this snare. There is no doubt but that, upon every virtuous and prudent calculation, Jefferson is to be preferred. He is by far not so dangerous a man; and he has pretensions to character.

As to Burr, there is nothing in his favour; his private character is not defended by his most partial friends. He is bankrupt beyond redemption, except by the plunder of his country. His public principles have no other spring or aim than his own aggrandisement, right or wrong. If he can, he will certainly disturb our institutions, to secure to himself permanent power, and with it wealth. He is truly the Cataline of America; and if I may credit Major Wilcocks, he has held very vindictive language respecting his opponents.

But early measures must be taken to fix on this point the opinions of the Federalists. Among them, from different motives, Burr will find partisans. If the thing be neglected, he may possibly go far.

Yet it may be well to throw out a lure for him, in order to tempt him to start for the plate, and then lay the foundation of dissension between the two chiefs.

You may communicate this letter to Marshall [then Secretary of State, afterward Chief Justice]

and Sedgwick. Let me hear from you speedily in reply.

Asking a Place for a Chaplain

[to general anthony wayne]

July 6, 1781.

Doctor W. Mendy is one of those characters that for its honesty, simplicity, and helplessness interests my humanity. He is exceedingly anxious to be in the Service, and, I believe, has been forced out of it not altogether by fair play. He is just what I should like for a military parson, except that he does not drink. He will fight, and he will not insist upon your going to heaven whether you will or not. He tells me that there is a vacancy in your brigade. I should be really happy if through your influence, he can fill it. Pray take care of the good old man.

On the Declaration of Peace

[to john laurens]

[Colonel Laurens, at the instance of Hamilton, had been Minister to France. When he returned to America, he brought part of the large subsidy granted by Louis XVI.]

August 15, 1782.

I received with pleasure, my dear Laurens, the letter which you wrote me in —— last. Your wishes in one respect are gratified. This state (New York) has pretty unanimously elected me to Congress. My time of service commences in November. . . . Peace (with

England) on our own terms is upon the carpet. The making it is in good hands. It is said your father is exchanged for Cornwallis, and gone to Paris to meet the other commissioners, and that Granville, on the part of England, has made a second trip there; in the last instance, vested with plenipotentiary powers. I fear there may be obstacles, but I hope they may be surmounted.

Peace made, my dear friend, a new scene opens. The object will then be to make our independence a blessing. To do this we must secure our Union on solid foundations — a herculean task — and to effect which, mountains of prejudice must be levelled! It requires all the virtue and all the ability of the country Quit your sword, my friend; put on the toga. Come to Congress. We know each other's sentiments; our views are the same. We have fought side by side to make America free; let us hand in hand struggle to make her happy. Yours forever.

A Tactful Bit of Advice

[to oliver wolcott]

April 5, 1797.

I have received your letter of March 31st. I hope nothing in my last was misunderstood. Could it be necessary, I would assure you that no one has a stronger conviction than myself of the purity of the motives which direct you

public conduct, or of the good sense and judgment by which it is guided. If I have a fear (you will excuse my frankness), it is lest the strength of your feelings, the companions of energy of character, should prevent that pliancy to circumstances which is sometimes indispensable. I beg you only to watch yourself on this score, and the public will always find in you an able as well as a faithful servant. . . .

Rules for Mr. Philip Hamilton

[Philip, the eldest son of Alexander Hamilton, was a youth of great promise. In resenting an affront to his father, he was challenged to a duel. He fell, mortally wounded, in his eighteenth year.]

From the first of April to the first of October he is to rise not later than six o'clock; the rest of the year not later than seven. If earlier, he will deserve commendation. Ten will be his hour of going to bed throughout the year.

From the time he is dressed in the morning till nine o'clock (the time for breakfast excepted), he is to read law. At nine he goes to the office, and continues there till dinner time. He will be occupied partly in writing and partly in reading law.

After dinner he reads law at home till five o'clock. From this time till seven he disposes of his time as he pleases. From seven to ten he reads and studies whatever he pleases.

From twelve on Saturday he is at liberty to amuse himself.

On Sunday he will attend the morning church. The rest of the day may be applied to innocent recreations.

He must not depart from any of these rules without my permission.

On the Eve of the Fatal Duel with Burr

[to his wife]

New York, July 10, 1804.

This letter, my dearest Eliza, will not be delivered to you, unless I shall first have terminated my earthly career, to begin, as I humbly hope, from redeeming grace and divine mercy, a happy immortality. If it had been possible for me to have avoided the interview [duel], my love for you and my precious children would have been alone a decisive motive. But it was not possible, without sacrifices which would have rendered me unworthy of your esteem. I need not tell you of the pangs I feel from the idea of quitting you, and exposing you to the anguish I know you would feel. Nor could I dwell on the topic, lest it should unman me. The consolations of religion, my beloved, can alone support you; and these you have a right to enjoy. Fly to the bosom of your God and be comforted. With my last idea I shall cherish the sweet hope of meeting you in a better world. Adieu, best of wives — best of women. Embrace all my darling children for me.

forty years after his death, soldiers who fought under his standard recall his memory with tears.

Lincoln's secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, wrote his life, in ten volumes, and a life, in one volume, published by the Century Company, New York. They also edited his writings, issued by the same publishers, in two volumes. An edition of these writings, with additional matter, a full index, a chronology, and a bibliography, is published in twelve volumes by F. D. Tandy & Co., New York. — Ed.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[Written in June, 1860, at the request of a friend, to use in preparing a popular campaign biography for the election of that year.]

ANCESTRY

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, then in Hardin, now in the more recently formed county of La Rue, Kentucky. His father, Thomas, and grandfather, Abraham, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia, whither their ancestors had come from Berks County, Pennsylvania. His lineage has been traced no farther back than this. The family were originally Quakers, though in later times they have fallen away from the peculiar habits of that people. The grandfather, Abraham, had four brothers — Isaac, Jacob, John, and Thomas. So far as known, the descendants of Jacob and John are still in Virginia. Isaac went to a place near where Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee join; and his descendants are in that region. Thomas came to Kentucky, and after many years died there, whence his descendants went

to Missouri. Abraham, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, came to Kentucky, and was killed by Indians about the year 1784. He left a widow, three sons, and two daughters. . . . Thomas, the youngest son, and father of the present subject, by the early death of his father and very narrow circumstances of his mother, even in childhood was a wandering labouring boy and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than to bunglingly write his own name. Before he was grown he passed one year as a hired hand with his uncle Isaac on Watauga, a branch of the Holston River. Getting back into Kentucky, and having reached his twenty-eighth year, he married Nancy Hanks — mother of the present subject — in the year 1806. She also was born in Virginia; and relatives of hers of the name of Hanks, and of other names, now reside in Coles, in Macon, and in Adams counties, Illinois, and also in Iowa. The present subject has no brother or sister of the whole or half blood. He had a sister, older than himself, who was grown and married, but died many years ago, leaving no child; also a brother, younger than himself, who died in infancy. Before leaving Kentucky, he and his sister were sent, for short periods, to A B C schools, the first kept by Zachariah Riney, and the second by Caleb Hazel.

HOMES IN KENTUCKY AND INDIANA

At this time his father resided on Knob Creek, on the road from Bardstown, Kentucky,

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HOMES IN KENTUCKY AND INDIANA

At this time his father resided on Knob Creek, on the road from Bardstown, Kentucky,

to Nashville, Tennessee, at a point three or three and a half miles south or southwest of Atherton's Ferry, on the Rolling Fork. From this place he removed to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in the autumn of 1816, Abraham then being in his eighth year. This removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky. He settled in an unbroken forest, and the clearing away of surplus wood was the great task ahead. Abraham, though very young, was large for his age, and had an axe put into his hands at once; and from that till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument — less, of course, in ploughing and harvesting seasons.

At this place Abraham took an early start as a hunter, which was never much improved afterward. A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin, and Abraham with a rifle-gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled a trigger on any larger game. In the autumn of 1818 his mother died; and a year afterward his father married Mrs. Sally Johnston, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, a widow with three children of her first marriage. She proved a good and kind mother to Abraham, and is still living in Coles County, Illinois. There were no children of this

second marriage. His father's residence continued at the same place in Indiana till 1830.

SCHOOLING

While here Abraham went to A B C schools by littles, kept successively by Andrew Crawford, — Sweeney, and Azel W. Dorsey. He does not remember any other. The family of Mr. Dorsey now resides in Schuyler County, Illinois. Abraham now thinks that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year. He was never in a college or academy as a student, and never inside of a college or academy building till since he had a law licence. What he has in the way of education he has picked up. After he was twenty-three and had separated from his father, he studied English grammar — imperfectly, of course, but so as to speak and write as well as he now does. He studied and nearly mastered the six books of Euclid since he was a member of Congress. He regrets his want of education, and does what he can so supply the want.

A TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS

In his tenth year he was kicked by a horse, and apparently killed for a time. When he was nineteen, still residing in Indiana, he made his first trip upon a flatboat to New Orleans. He was a hired hand merely, and he and a son of the owner, without other assistance, made the trip. The nature of part of the "cargo-load," as it was

called, made it necessary for them to linger and trade along the sugar-coast; and one night they were attacked by seven Negroes with intent to kill and rob them. They were hurt some in the melée, but succeeded in driving the Negroes from the boat, and then "cut cable," "weighed anchor," and left.

REMOVAL TO ILLINOIS

March 1, 1830, Abraham having just completed his twenty-first year, his father and family, with the families of the two daughters and sons-in-law of his stepmother, left the old homestead in Indiana and came to Illinois. Their mode of conveyance was waggons drawn by ox-teams, and Abraham drove one of the teams. They reached the county of Macon, and stopped there some time within the same month of March. His father and family settled a new place on the north side of the Sangamon River, at the junction of the timber-land and prairie, about ten miles westerly from Decatur. Here they built a log cabin, into which they removed, and made sufficient of rails to fence ten acres of ground, fenced and broke the ground, and raised a crop of sown corn upon it the same year.

The sons-in-law were temporarily settled in other places in the county. In the autumn all hands were greatly afflicted with ague and fever, to which they had not been used, and by which they were greatly discouraged, so much so that they determined on leaving the county. They

remained, however, through the succeeding winter, which was the winter of the very celebrated "deep snow" of Illinois. During that winter Abraham, together with his stepmother's son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, yet residing in Macon County, hired themselves to Denton Offutt to take a flatboat from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Orleans; and for that purpose were to join him — Offutt — at Springfield, Illinois, so soon as the snow should go off. When it did go off, which was about the first of March, 1831, the county was so flooded as to make traveling by land impracticable; to obviate which difficulty they purchased a large canoe, and came down the Sangamon River in it. This is the time and the manner of Abraham's first entrance into Sangamon County. They found Offutt at Springfield, but learned from him that he had failed in getting a boat at Beardstown. This led to their hiring themselves to him for twelve dollars per month each, and getting the timber out of the trees and building a boat at Old Sangamon town on the Sangamon River, seven miles northwest of Springfield, which boat they took to New Orleans, substantially upon the old contract.

A CLERK IN A STORE AND MILL

During this boat-enterprise acquaintance with Offutt, who was previously an entire stranger, he conceived a liking for Abraham, and believing he could turn him to account, he contracted with

him to act as clerk for him, on his return from New Orleans, in charge of a store and mill at New Salem, then in Sangamon, now in Menard County. Hanks had not gone to New Orleans, but having a family, and being likely to be detained from home longer than at first expected, had turned back from St. Louis. . . . Abraham's father, with his own family and others mentioned, had, in pursuance of their intention, removed from Macon to Coles County. John D. Johnston, the stepmother's son, went to them, and Abraham stopped indefinitely and for the first time, as it were, by himself at New Salem, before mentioned. This was in July, 1831. Here he rapidly made acquaintances and friends.

ENLISTS AS A SOLDIER

In less than a year Offutt's business was failing — had almost failed — when the Black Hawk war of 1832 broke out. Abraham joined a volunteer company, and, to his own surprise, was elected captain of it. He says he has not since had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction. He went to the campaign, served near three months, met the ordinary hardships of such an expedition, but was in no battle. He now owns, in Iowa, the land upon which his own warrants for the service were located. Returning from the campaign, and encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbours, he the same year ran

for the legislature, and was beaten — his own precinct, however, casting its votes 277 for and 7 against him — and that, too, while he was an avowed Clay man, and the precinct the autumn afterward giving a majority of 115 to General Jackson over Mr. Clay. This was the only time Abraham was ever beaten on a direct vote of the people.

KEEPS A STORE

He was now without means and out of business, but was anxious to remain with his friends who had treated him with so much generosity, especially as he had nothing elsewhere to go to. He studied what he should do — thought of learning the blacksmith trade — thought of trying to study law — rather thought he could not succeed at that without a better education. Before long, strangely enough, a man offered to sell, and did sell, to Abraham and another as poor as himself, an old stock of goods, upon credit. They opened as merchants; and he says that was *the* store. Of course they did nothing but get deeper and deeper in debt. He was appointed postmaster at New Salem — the office being too insignificant to make his politics an objection. The store winked out. The surveyor of Sangamon offered to depute to Abraham that portion of his work which was within his part of the county. He accepted, procured a compass and chain, studied Flint and Gibson a little, and went

at it. This procured bread, and kept soul and body together.

ELECTED TO THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE

The election of 1834 came, and he was then elected to the legislature by the highest vote cast for any candidate. Major John T. Stuart, then in full practice of the law, was also elected. During the canvass, in a private conversation he encouraged Abraham [to] study law. After the election he borrowed books of Stuart, took them home with him, and went at it in good earnest. He studied with nobody. He still mixed in the surveying to pay board and clothing bills. When the legislature met, the law-books were dropped, but were taken up again at the end of the session He was reelected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. In the autumn of 1836 he obtained a law licence, and on April 15, 1837, removed to Springfield, and commenced the practice — his old friend Stuart taking him into partnership. March 3, 1837, by a protest entered upon the "Illinois House Journal" of that date, at pages 817 and 818, Abraham, with Dan Stone, another representative of Sangamon, briefly defined his position on the slavery question; and so far as it goes, it was then the same that it is now. The protest is as follows:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the

General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of Abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different states.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

"Dan Stone,
"A. Lincoln,
"Representatives from the
County of Sangamon."

In 1838 and 1840, Mr. Lincoln's party voted for him as Speaker, but being in the minority he was not elected. After 1840 he declined a reelection to the legislature. He was on the Harrison electoral ticket in 1840, and on that of Clay in 1844, and spent much time and labour in

both those canvasses. In November, 1842, he was married to Mary, daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. They have three living children, all sons, one born in 1843, one in 1850, and one in 1853. They lost one, who was born in 1846.

ELECTED TO CONGRESS

In 1846 he was elected to the lower house of Congress, and served one term only, commencing in December, 1847, and ending with the inauguration of General Taylor, in March, 1849. All the battles of the Mexican war had been fought before Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress, but the American army was still in Mexico, and the treaty of peace was not fully and formally ratified till the June afterward. Much has been said of his course in Congress in regard to this war. A careful examination of the "Journal" and "Congressional Globe" shows that he voted for all the supply measures that came up, and for all the measures in any way favourable to the officers, soldiers, and their families, who conducted the war through: with the exception that some of these measures passed without yeas and nays, leaving no record as to how particular men voted. The "Journal" and "Globe" also show him voting that the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States. This is the language of Mr. Ashmun's amendment, for which Mr. Lincoln and nearly or

quite all other Whigs of the House of Representatives voted.

HIS VOTES IN CONGRESS EXPLAINED

Mr. Lincoln's reasons for the opinion expressed by this vote were briefly that the President had sent General Taylor into an inhabited part of the country belonging to Mexico, and not to the United States, and thereby had provoked the first act of hostility, in fact the commencement of the war; that the place, being the country bordering on the east bank of the Rio Grande, was inhabited by native Mexicans born there under the Mexican Government, and had never submitted to, nor been conquered by, Texas or the United States, nor transferred to either by treaty; that although Texas claimed the Rio Grande as her boundary, Mexico had never recognised it, and neither Texas nor the United States had ever enforced it; that there was a broad desert between that and the country over which Texas had actual control; that the country where hostilities commenced, having once belonged to Mexico, must remain so until it was somehow legally transferred, which had never been done.

Mr. Lincoln thought the act of sending an armed force among the Mexicans was unnecessary, inasmuch as Mexico was in no way molesting or menacing the United States or the people thereof; and that it was unconstitutional, because the power of levying war is vested in

Congress, and not in the President. He thought the principal motive for the act was to divert public attention from the surrender of "Fifty-four, forty, or fight" to Great Britain, on the Oregon boundary question.

Mr. Lincoln was not a candidate for reëlection. This was determined upon and declared before he went to Washington, in accordance with an understanding among Whig friends, by which Colonel Hardin and Colonel Baker had each previously served a single term in this same district.

In 1848, during his term in Congress, he advocated General Taylor's nomination for the presidency, in opposition to all others, and also took an active part for his election after his nomination, speaking a few times in Maryland, near Washington, several times in Massachusetts, and canvassing quite fully his own district in Illinois, which was followed by a majority in the district of over fifteen hundred for General Taylor.

LAW PRACTICE, SPEECHES AND DEBATES

Upon his return from Congress he went to the practice of the law with greater earnestness than ever before. In 1852 he was upon the Scott electoral ticket, and did something in the way of canvassing, but owing to the hopelessness of the cause in Illinois he did less than in previous presidential canvasses.

In 1854 his profession had almost superseded the thought of politics in his mind, when the

repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused him as as he had never been before.

In the autumn of that year he took the stump with no broader practical aim or object than to secure, if possible, the reëlection of Hon. Richard Yates to Congress. His speeches at once attracted a more marked attention than they had ever before done. As the canvass proceeded he was drawn to different parts of the State outside of Mr. Yates's district. He did not abandon the law, but gave his attention by turns to that and politics. The state agricultural fair was at Springfield that year, and Douglas was announced to speak there.

In the canvass of 1856 Mr. Lincoln made over fifty speeches, no one of which, so far as he remembers, was put in print. One of them was made at Galena, but Mr. Lincoln has no recollection of any part of it being printed; nor does he remember whether in that speech he said anything about a Supreme Court decision. He may have spoken upon that subject, and some of the newspapers may have reported him as saying what is now ascribed to him; but he thinks he could not have expressed himself as represented.

Studies Law

One evening in May, 1907, the editor of this little book called on Mr. Alban Jasper Conant, the artist, at his studio in New York. Mr. Conant, in his eighty-sixth year, hale and

cheerful, had that day given several hours to a portrait of Bishop Potter of New York. During a chat he recalled his early career in the West: especially interesting was his account of Mr Lincoln, of whom he painted two portraits One is now in Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Illinois; the other is in the Illinois State Normal School, at Carbondale. From a portfolio the venerable artist showed me his original sketch of Mr. Lincoln. Said Mr. Conant:

"In September, 1860, two months before Mr. Lincoln's election, I was commissioned to paint his portrait. I went at once to Springfield, Illinois, where I awaited him in his room at the Capitol. As he entered the door, his face beaming with fun, I asked myself, can this be the man whose picture, circulated far and wide, shows him as sad and mournful? As I saw him at that moment, surrounded by a group of friends, his smile was so mirthful and kindly that I determined then and there to catch it for my canvas. But the question was how? For indeed the camera had told truth about him, although not all the truth. Most of the time his face wore a look of sadness, and occasionally even of woe. But, touch his nerve of humour, appeal to any deep interest of his heart, and then he shone with an expression all the brighter and more winning for the clouds that had hung upon his brow. From day to day, therefore, it became my task to ply him with such queries as would draw him away from the worry and

anxiety of his campaign, and bring to his features their happiest look. I soon found that his life as a young fellow in Sangamon County gave me my best field. So, one day, in the course of a sitting, I asked him how he came to study law. His answer was in substance this:

" 'At New Salem I was for a while the proprietor of a grocery store, ready to buy or sell all kinds of plunder. One afternoon a man drove up to my door in a waggon which held his wife, children, and his household goods. His load was heavy and the roads were miry. He asked if I would give him fifty cents for a barrel of odds and ends, a pan or kettle showing itself on top. I bought the barrel, stowed it away, and, sometime afterward, in clearing up the place I came upon it. I emptied out the barrel and the only thing in it of any account was an edition of Blackstone's Commentaries. It was summer time, the farmers were busy in the fields, business was dull, and I had scarcely anything to do but read that Blackstone. The more I went into it, the more it held me. Never before did a book so rivet my attention. I fairly devoured every sentence.' "

As Mr. Conant concluded his recital he repeated the high pitched tones of Mr. Lincoln's enthusiasm, and gave his wide-swinging gesture. It was this accidental coming upon Blackstone that proved a turning point in Mr. Lincoln's career, which decided that he should be a lawyer, and, by virtue of his training as a lawyer, in the

fulness of time, President and saviour of the United States.

On the Practice of Law

[Note for a lecture about July 1, 1850.]

I am not an accomplished lawyer. I find quite as much material for a lecture in those points wherein I have failed, as in those wherein I have been moderately successful. The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man of every other calling, is diligence, Leave nothing for to-morrow which can be done to-day. Never let your correspondence fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labour pertaining to it which can then be done. When you bring a common-law suit, if you have the facts for doing so, write the declaration at once. If a law point be involved, examine the books, and note the authority you rely on upon the declaration itself, where you are sure to find it when wanted. The same of defences and pleas. In business not likely to be litigated, — ordinary collection cases, foreclosures, partitions, and the like, — make all examinations of titles, and note them, and even draft orders and decrees in advance. This course has a triple advantage; it avoids omissions and neglect, saves your labour when once done, performs the labour out of court when you have leisure, rather than in court when you have not. Extemporaneous speaking should be practised and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the

public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance.

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbours to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser — in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it.

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case,

as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client. And when you lack interest in the case the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note — at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty — negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.

There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honours are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief — resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.

Why He Could Explain So Well

Early in 1860 Mr. Lincoln gave a series of addresses in the Eastern states, including his

famous speech in Cooper Institute, New York. On a train near New Haven he entered into conversation with Rev. J. P. Gulliver of Norwich, Connecticut, who said:

" 'I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of "putting things." It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?'

" 'Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct — I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbours talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any

boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.'

" 'Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. This is genius, with all its impulsive, inspiring, dominating power over the mind of its possessor, developed by education into talent, with its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined strength, always ready, always available, never capricious — the highest possession of the human intellect. But, let me ask, did you not have a law education? How did you prepare for your profession?'

" 'Oh, yes! I "read law," as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading I constantly came upon the word demonstrate. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, "What do I do when I demonstrate more than when I reason or prove? How does

demonstration differ from any other proof?" I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of "certain proof" "proof beyond the possibility of doubt"; but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood "demonstration" to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said, "Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what demonstrate means'; and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and staid there till I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' means, and went back to my law studies.' "

"I could not refrain from saying, in my admiration at such a development of character and genius combined, 'Mr. Lincoln your success is no longer a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate causes.' "*

Habits of Composition

Mr. Lincoln was severely criticised for his suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and for the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham as a result of that suspension. At Albany, New York, a

*New York *Independent*, September 1, 1864.

public meeting voiced its criticism emphatically. Mr. Lincoln's reply of June 13, 1862, to Mr. Erastus Corning and others in charge of the meeting, called forth high praise from Ex-Senator James F. Wilson, who told Mr. Lincoln that it was his best paper.

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I agree with you. I put that paper together in less time than any other one of like importance ever prepared by me."

He then explained how the paper had been prepared. Turning to a drawer in the desk at which he was sitting and pulling it partly out, he said:

"When it became necessary for me to write that letter, I had it nearly all in there," pointing to the drawer, "but it was in disconnected thoughts, which I had jotted down from time to time on separate scraps of paper. I had been worried a good deal by what had been said in the newspapers and in Congress about my suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and the so-called arbitrary arrests that had followed. I did not doubt my power to suspend the writ, nor the necessity which demanded its exercise. But I was criticised harshly, and sometimes by men from whom I expected more generous treatment, and who ought to have known more and better than the character of their expressions indicated. This caused me to examine and re-examine the subject. I gave it a great deal of thought; I examined and studied it from every

side; indeed, it was seemingly present with me continually. Often an idea about it would occur to me which seemed to have force and make perfect answer to some of the things that were said and written about my actions. I never let one of those ideas escape me, but wrote it on a scrap of paper and put it in that drawer. In that way I saved my best thoughts on the subject, and, you know, such things often come in a kind of intuitive way more clearly than if one were to sit down and deliberately reason them out.

"To save the results of such mental action is true intellectual economy. It not only saves time and labour, but also the very best material the mind can supply for unexpected emergencies. Of course, in this instance, I had to arrange the material at hand, and adapt it to the particular case presented. But that was an easy task compared with what immediate original composition of such a paper would have been. I am satisfied with the result, and am content to abide the judgment of the future on that paper, and of my action on the great subject and grave question to which it relates. Many persons have expressed to me the opinion you have of that paper, and I am pleased to know that the present judgment of thoughtful men about it is so generally in accord with what I believe the future will, without serious division, pronounce concerning it. I know that I acted with great deliberation and on my conscience

when I suspended the writ of habeas corpus. It was with great reluctance that I came to recognise the necessity which demanded it. But when that became plain to my mind I did not hesitate to do my duty. I have had to do many unpleasant things since the country imposed on me the task of administering the government, and I will continue to do them when they come in the line of my official duty, always with prayerful care, and without stopping to consider what personal result may come to me."

To an Idler

[To his brother-in-law, John D. Johnston, advising him to work.]

Shelbyville, November 4, 1851.

Dear Brother:

When I came into Charleston, day before yesterday, I learned that you were anxious to sell the land where you live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from

place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year; and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat, drink, and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account and particularly on mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her; at least, it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me. Now do not misunderstand this letter. I do not write it in any unkindness. I write it in order, if possible, to get you to face the truth, which truth is you are destitute because you have idled away all your time. Your thousand pretences deceive nobody but yourself. Go to work is the only cure for your case.

A Jeffersonian

[In 1859 Mr. Lincoln was invited by Mr. H. L. Pierce and others of Boston, to attend a festival in honour of Thomas Jefferson. In the course of his response he said:]

Springfield, Illinois, April 6, 1859.

. . It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this

nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but nevertheless he would fail, utterly, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them "glittering generalities." Another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies." And others insidiously argue that they apply to "superior races." These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect — the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honour to Jefferson — to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that to-day and in al'

coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

Read as a Boy the "Life of Washington"

[On his way to Washington to be inaugurated as President, Mr. Lincoln on February 21, 1861, addressed the Senate of New Jersey at Trenton. He said:]

. . . Away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen — Weems' "Life of Washington." I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing — that something even more than national independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come — I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the

Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle. You give me this reception, as I understand, without distinction of party. I learn that this body is composed of a majority of gentlemen who, in the exercise of their best judgment in the choice of a chief magistrate, did not think I was the man. I understand, nevertheless, that they come forward here to greet me as the constitutionally elected President of the United States — as citizens of the United States to meet the man who, for the time being, is the representative of the majesty of the nation — united by the single purpose to perpetuate the Constitution, the Union, and the liberties of the people. As such, I accept this reception more gratefully than I could do did I believe it were tendered to me as an individual

On Slavery: to Alexander H. Stephens

[Two days after Lincoln wrote this note, Stephens was Vice-President of the provisional government of the Confederate States.]

Springfield, Illinois, December 22, 1860.

Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the

country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves, or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

To Horace Greeley in Response to Criticism

[Greeley had published an open letter to Lincoln in the New York *Tribune* of August 20, 1862, under the title "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," in which he accused Lincoln of conciliating pro-slavery sentiment too much. He replied:]

Washington, August 22, 1862.

I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive

it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the coloured race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

A Remonstrance to General Banks

Washington, November 22, 1862.

Early last week you left me in high hope with your assurance that you would be off with your expedition at the end of that week or early in this. It is now the end of this, and I have just been overwhelmed and confounded with the sight of a requisition made by you which, I am assured, cannot be filled and got off within an hour short of two months. I inclose you a copy of the requisition, in some hope that it is not genuine — that you have never seen it. My dear general, this expanding and piling up of impedimenta has been, so far, almost our ruin, and will be our final ruin if it is not abandoned. If you had the articles of this requisition upon the wharf, with the necessary animals to make them of any use, and forage for the animals, you could not get vessels together in two weeks to carry the whole, to say nothing of your twenty thousand men; and, having the vessels, you could not put the cargoes aboard in two weeks more. And, after all, where you are going you have no use for them. When you parted with me you had no such ideas in your mind. I know you had not, or you could not have expected to be off so soon as you said

You must get back to something like the plan you had then, or your expedition is a failure before you start. You must be off before Congress meets. You would be better off anywhere, and especially where you are going, for not having a thousand waggons doing nothing but hauling forage to feed the animals that draw them, and taking at least two thousand men to care for the waggons and animals, who otherwise might be two thousand good soldiers. Now, dear general, do not think this is an ill-natured letter; it is the very reverse. The simple publication of this requisition would ruin you.

A Rebuke to General Hooker

Washington, January 26, 1863.

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and

thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honourable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spririt which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

A Hint for General Hooker

Washington, June 5, 1863.

Yours of to-day was received an hour ago [stating that appearances indicated an advance by General Lee]. So much of professional military skill is required to answer it, that I have turned the task over to General Halleck [General

in-Chief of the army]. He promises to perform it with his utmost care. I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments and have you at advantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled up on the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other.

If Lee would come to my side of the river I would keep on the same side and fight him, or act on the defensive, according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own. But these are mere suggestions, which I desire to be controlled by the judgment of yourself and General Halleck.

[And further]

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1863.

So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester, and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank-road between Fredericksburg

and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere; could you not break him?

Censure of General Meade after the Battle of Gettysburg

RECONSIDERED AND NOT SENT

Washington, July 14, 1863.

I have just seen your despatch to General Halleck, asking to be relieved of your command because of a supposed censure of mine. I am very, very grateful to you for the magnificent success you gave the cause of the country at Gettysburg; and I am sorry now to be the author of the slightest pain to you. But I was in such deep distress myself that I could not restrain some expression of it. I have been oppressed nearly ever since the battle of Gettysburg by what appeared to be evidences that yourself and General Couch and General Smith were not seeking a collision with the enemy, but were trying to get him across the river without another battle. What these evidences were, if you please, I hope to tell you at some time when we shall both feel better. The case, summarily stated, is this: You fought and beat the enemy at Gettysburg, and, of course, to say the least, his loss was as great as yours. He retreated, and you did not, as it seemed to me, pressingly pursue him; but a flood in the river detained him till, by slow degrees, you were again upon him. You had at least twenty

thousand veteran troops directly with you, and as many more raw ones within supporting distance, all in addition to those who fought with you at Gettysburg, while it was not possible that he had received a single recruit, and yet you stood and let the flood run down, bridges be built, and the enemy move away at his leisure without attacking him. And Couch and Smith! The latter left Carlisle in time, upon all ordinary calculation, to have aided you in the last battle at Gettysburg, but he did not arrive. At the end of more than ten days, I believe twelve, under constant urging, he reached Hagerstown from Carlisle, which is not an inch over fifty-five miles, if so much, and Couch's movement was very little different.

Again, my dear General, I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect [that], you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned

that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why.

Hope in the Midst of War

[Mr. J. C. Conkling invited Mr. Lincoln to attend a mass-meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held in Springfield, Illinois, September 3, 1863. Mr. Lincoln's letter in response, one of the most remarkable he ever wrote, concludes:]

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.

Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result.

Address at Gettysburg

[At the dedication of the National Cemetery, November 19 1863.]

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new

nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

On Negro Suffrage

[From a letter to General James Wadsworth, given by F. B. Carpenter, in the "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," edited by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, published and copyright by Francis D. Tandy & Co., 1905.]

Washington, January or February, 1864.

. . . You desire to know, in the event of our complete success in the field, the same being followed by a loyal and cheerful submission on the part of the South, if universal amnesty should not be accompanied by universal suffrage.

Now, since you know my private inclinations as to what terms should be granted to the South in the contingency mentioned, I will here add, that if our success should be thus realised, followed by such desired results, I cannot see, if universal amnesty is granted, how, under the circumstances, I can avoid exacting in return universal suffrage or at least suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service.

How to better the condition of the coloured race has long been a study which has attracted my serious and careful attention; hence I think I am clear and decided as to what course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it a religious duty, as the nation's guardian of these people who have so heroically vindicated their manhood on the battle-field, where, in assisting to save the life of the Republic they have demonstrated in blood their right to the ballot, which is but

the humane protection of the flag they have so fearlessly defended. . . .

Plea for a Soldier in Trouble

[to secretary stanton]

Washington, March 1, 1864.

A poor widow, by the name of Baird, has a son in the army, that for some offence has been sentenced to serve a long time without pay, or at most with very little pay. I do not like this punishment of withholding pay — it falls so very hard upon poor families. After he had been serving in this way for several months, at the tearful appeal of the poor mother, I made a direction that he be allowed to enlist for a new term, on the same conditions as others. She now comes, and says she cannot get it acted upon. Please do it.

On Slavery and Emancipation

[to a. g. hodges]

Washington, April 4, 1864.

You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said the other day in your presence, to Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially

upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understand, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government — that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save

slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of Government, country, and Constitution all together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border states to favour compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the coloured element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss; but of this, I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none in our white military force — no loss by it anyhow or anywhere. On the contrary it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and labourers. These are palpable

facts, about which, as facts, there can be no cavilling. We have the men; and we could not have had them without the measure.

"And now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms; and in the next, that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

To a Bereaved Mother, Mrs. Bixby

Washington, November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam;

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-

General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Second Inaugural Address

Washington, March 4, 1865.

Fellow-Countrymen:

At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging

to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localised in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental

and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

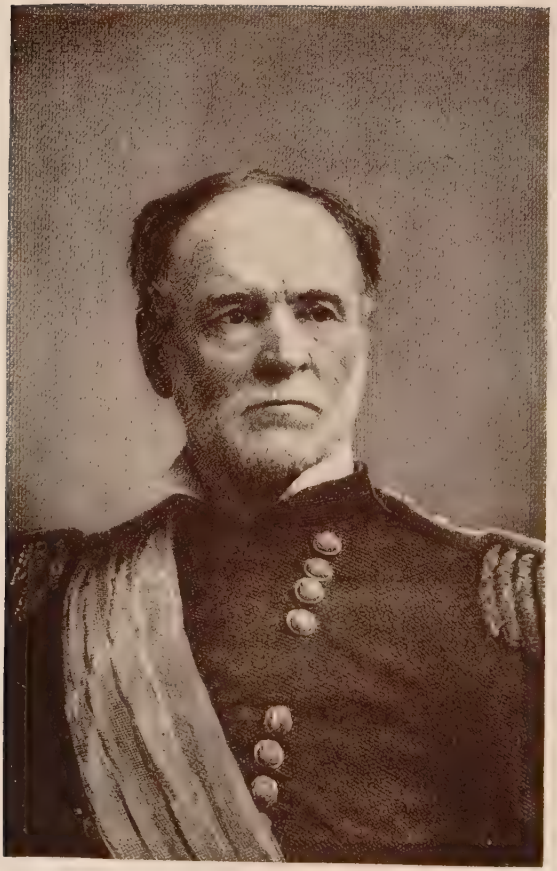
A few Hours Before His Death

[General Van Alen wrote Lincoln, requesting him, for the sake of his friends and the nation, to guard his life and not expose it to assassination as he had by going to Richmond. Lincoln replied at once, on the very day of his murder:]

Washington, April 14, 1865.

I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precaution. . . . I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself, in the efforts I may make to restore the Union, so as to make it, to use your language, a union of hearts and hands as well as of states.*

*From the "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," edited by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, published and copyright by Francis D. Tandy & Co., 1905.



WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

THE
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VOLUME XVI PART II

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SOLDIERS; EXPLORERS

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CONTENTS

SOLDIERS

	PAGE
Ulysses Simpson Grant	3
William Tecumseh Sherman	32
Robert E. Lee	62
Theodore Roosevelt	74

EXPLORERS

Henry Morton Stanley	97
Robert Edwin Peary	125
Roald Amundsen	147
Robert Falcon Scott	152

SOLDIERS

GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

["Ulysses S. Grant, his life and character," by Hamlin Garland, a capital biography, fully illustrated, is published by the S. S. McClure Co., New York. Regarding Grant as a commander Mr. Garland says "His most marked characteristics were measureless persistence swift and unhesitant action, calm mastery of details, considerateness in the treatment of subordinates, courage to assume responsibility, and beyond and perhaps above all, the capacity to do, in the heat and tumult of war, things so conspicuously right that when the battle is ended they seem to have been inspired by miraculous common sense."

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses Simpson Grant, copyrighted by him, in two volumes, were originally published in 1885. By permission of the Century Company, who now own the copyright, the following pages appear.]

Boyhood

In June, 1821, my father, Jesse R. Grant, married Hannah Simpson. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools, at the time of which I write, were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much,

even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra in Cincinnati; but having no teacher it was Greek to me.

My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen, I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836–37 and 1838–39. The former period was spent in Maysville, Kentucky, attending the school of Richardson and Rand; the latter in Ripley, Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit, and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating: "A noun is the name of a thing," which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat, until I had come to believe it — but I cast no reflections upon my old teacher, Richardson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of their states. Two of my contemporaries there -

who, I believe, never attended any other institution of learning — have held seats in Congress, and one, if not both, other high offices; these are Wadsworth and Brewster.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, as stated before, I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labour. In my early days, every one laboured more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labour; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load,

and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

A HORSE TRADE

Chilton White, a schoolmate, is reported as having told of an early horse-trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was

to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognised my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

The Mexican War

HOW GRANT FELT BEFORE FIGHTING BEGAN

While General Taylor was away with the bulk of his army, the little garrison up the river was

besieged. As we lay in our tents upon the seashore, the artillery at the fort on the Rio Grande could be distinctly heard.

The war had begun.

There were no possible means of obtaining news from the garrison, and information from outside could not be otherwise than unfavourable What General Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know, but for myself, a young second-lieutenant who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted. A great many men, when they smell battle afar off, chafe to get into the fray. When they say so themselves they generally fail to convince their hearers that they are as anxious as they would like to make believe, and as they approach danger they become more subdued. This rule is not universal, for I have known a few men who were always aching for a fight when there was no enemy near, who were as good as their word when the battle did come. But the number of such men is small.

Military Acquaintances North and South

My experience in the Mexican war was of great advantage to me afterward. Besides the many practical lessons it taught, the war brought nearly all the officers of the regular army together so as to make them personally acquainted. It also brought them in contact with volunteers, many of whom served in the War of the Rebellion afterward. Then, in my

particular case, I had been at West Point at about the right time to meet most of the graduates who were of a suitable age at the breaking out of the rebellion to be trusted with large commands. Graduating in 1843, I was at the military academy from one to four years with all cadets who graduated between 1840 and 1846 — seven classes. These classes embraced more than fifty officers who afterward became generals on one side or the other in the rebellion, many of them holding high commands. All the older officers, who became conspicuous in the rebellion, I had also served with and known in Mexico: Lee, J. E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Holmes, Herbért, and a number of others on the Confederate side; McCall, Mansfield, Phil. Kearney, and others on the National side. The acquaintance thus formed was of immense service to me in the War of the Rebellion — I mean what I learned of the characters of those to whom I was afterward opposed. I do not pretend to say that all movements, or even many of them, were made with special reference to the characteristics of the commander against whom they were directed. But my appreciation of my enemies was certainly affected by this knowledge. The natural disposition of most people is to clothe a commander of a large army whom they do not know, with almost superhuman abilities. A large part of the National army, for instance, and most of the press of the country, clothed General Lee with just such

qualities, but I had known him personally, and knew that he was mortal; and it was just as well that I felt this.

Outbreak of the Rebellion

Presiding at a Union Meeting — Mustering Officer of State Troops

The 4th of March, 1861, came, and Abraham Lincoln was sworn to maintain the Union against all its enemies. The secession of one state after another followed, until eleven had gone out. On the 11th of April Fort Sumter, a National fort in the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, was fired upon by the Southerners and a few days after was captured. The Confederates proclaimed themselves aliens, and thereby debarred themselves of all right to claim protection under the Constitution of the United States. We did not admit the fact that they were aliens, but all the same, they debarred themselves of the right to expect better treatment than people of any other foreign state who make war upon an independent nation. Upon the firing on Sumter President Lincoln issued his first call for troops and soon after a proclamation convening Congress in extra session. The call was for 75,000 volunteers for ninety days' service. If the shot fired at Fort Sumter "was heard around the world," the call of the President for 75,000 men was heard

throughout the Northern states. There was not a state in the North of a million of inhabitants that would not have furnished the entire number faster than arms could have been supplied to them, if it had been necessary.

As soon as the news of the call for volunteers reached Galena posters were stuck up calling for a meeting of the citizens at the court-house in the evening. Business ceased entirely; all was excitement; for a time there were no party distinctions; all were Union men, determined to avenge the insult to the national flag. In the evening the court-house was packed. Although a comparative stranger I was called upon to preside; the sole reason, possibly, was that I had been in the army and had seen service. With much embarrassment and some prompting I made out to announce the object of the meeting. Speeches were in order, but it is doubtful whether it would have been safe just then to make other than patriotic ones. There was probably no one in the house, however, who felt like making any other. The two principal speeches were by B. B. Howard, the postmaster and a Breckinridge Democrat at the November election the fall before, and John A. Rawlins, an elector on the Douglas ticket. E. B. Washburne, with whom I was not acquainted at that time, came in after the meeting had been organised and expressed, I understood afterward, a little surprise that Galena could not furnish a presiding officer for such an occasion without

taking a stranger. He came forward and was introduced, and made a speech appealing to the patriotism of the meeting.

After the speaking was over volunteers were called for to form a company. The quota of Illinois had been fixed at six regiments; and it was supposed that one company would be as much as would be accepted from Galena. The company was raised and the officers and non commissioned officers elected before the meeting adjourned. I declined the captaincy before the balloting, but announced that I would aid the company in every way I could and would be found in the service in some position if there should be a war. I never went into our leather store after that meeting, to put up a package or do other business.

Takes Command of the 21st Regiment

When I left Galena for the last time to take command of the 21st regiment I took with me my oldest son, Frederick D. Grant, then a lad of eleven years of age. On receiving the order to take rail for Quincy I wrote to Mrs. Grant, to relieve what I supposed would be her great anxiety for one so young going into danger that I would send Fred home from Quincy by river. I received a prompt letter in reply decidedly disapproving my proposition, and urging that the lad should be allowed to accompany me. It came too late. Fred was already on his way up the Mississippi bound for

Dubuque, Iowa, from which place there was a railroad to Galena.

My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be "a field of battle" were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If some one else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation. Before we were prepared to cross the Mississippi River at Quincy my anxiety was relieved; for the men of the besieged regiment came straggling into town. I am inclined to think both sides got frightened and ran away.

Fear Afflicts Both Sides in War

I received orders to move against Colonel Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, Missouri, some twenty-five miles south of where we then were.

As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there and the marks of a recent encamp-

ment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable.

Suffering Himself, He Sympathises With Others in Pain

During the night [after the first day's fight at Shiloh] rain fell in torrents and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated

as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

Never Sought Office

Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability where assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position. While at Cairo I had watched with very great interest the operations of the Army of the Potomac, looking upon that as the main field of the war. I had no idea, myself, of ever having any large command, nor did I suppose that I was equal to one; but I had the vanity to think that as a cavalry officer I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion, in talking about this to my staff officers, all of whom were civilians without any military education whatever, I said that I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hillyer spoke up and suggested that I make application to be transferred there to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first, and mentioned this superstition.

In time of war the President, being by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the Army

and Navy, is responsible for the selection of commanders. He should not be embarrassed in making his selections. I having been selected, my responsibility ended with my doing the best I knew how. If I had sought the place, or obtained it through personal or political influence, my belief is that I would have feared to undertake any plan of my own conception, and would probably have awaited direct orders from my distant superiors. Persons obtaining important commands by application or political influence are apt to keep a written record of complaints and predictions of defeat, which are shown in case of disaster. Somebody must be responsible for their failures.

The South and Slavery

There was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by its defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions, and the territory to make a great and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilised people not brought up under it, and one which degraded labour, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labour of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who

did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labour would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbour. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and, not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as to the North, both in blood and treasure, but it was worth all it cost.

Commissioned as Lieutenant-General by President Lincoln

The bill restoring the grade of lieutenant-general of the army had passed through Congress and became a law on the 26th of February, 1864. My nomination had been sent to the Senate on the 1st of March and confirmed the next day (the 2nd). I was ordered to Washington on the 3rd to receive my commission, and started the day following that. The commission was handed to me on the 9th. It was delivered to me at the Executive Mansion by President Lincoln in the presence of his Cabinet, my eldest son, those of my staff who were with me, and a few other visitors.

The President in presenting my commission read from a paper — stating, however, as a preliminary, and prior to the delivery of it, that he had drawn that up on paper, knowing my

disinclination to speak in public, and handed me a copy in advance so that I might prepare a few lines of reply. The President said:

"General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honour devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

To this I replied: "Mr. President, I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honour conferred With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favour of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

First Interview with President Lincoln

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the state of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him,

however, very well and favourably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognised then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them: but that procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"— one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted or had ever wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

Lee's Surrender

On April 8th I had followed the Army of the Potomac in rear of Lee. I was suffering very

severely with a sick headache, and stopped at a farmhouse on the road some distance in rear of the main body of the army. I spent the night in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning. During the night I received Lee's answer to my letter of the 8th, inviting an interview between the lines on the following morning. But it was for a different purpose from that of surrendering his army, and I answered him as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

I proceeded at an early hour in the morning, still suffering with the headache, to get to the head of the column. I was not more than two or three miles from Appomattox Court House at the time, but to go direct I would have to pass through Lee's army, or a portion of it. I had therefore to move south in order to get upon a road coming up from another direction.

When the white flag of truce was put out by General Lee, I was in this way moving towards Appomattox Court House, and consequently could not be communicated with immediately, and be informed of what Lee had done. Lee, therefore, sent a flag to the rear to advise Meade and one to the front to Sheridan saying that he had sent a message to me for the purpose of having a meeting to consult about the surrender of his army, and asked for a suspension of hostilities until I could be communicated with. As they had heard nothing of this until the fighting had got to be severe and all going against Lee, both of these commanders hesitated very considerably about suspending hostilities at all. They were afraid it was not in good faith, and we had the Army of Northern Virginia where it could not escape except by some deception. They, however, finally consented to a suspension of hostilities for two hours to give an opportunity of communicating with me in that time, if possible. It was found that, from the route I had taken, they would probably not be able to communicate

with me and get an answer back within the time fixed unless the messenger should pass through the rebel lines.

Lee, therefore, sent an escort with the officer bearing this message through his lines to me.

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:

I received your note of this morning on the picket line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

When the officer reached me I was still suffering with the sick headache; but the instant I saw the contents of the note I was cured. I wrote the following note in reply and hastened on:

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Armies.

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road

I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army near by. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching up from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes if I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The War of the Rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of

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SULGRAVE MANOR (Northamptonshire, England)
HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS

my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieu-

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organised a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them.

I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the

proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. Lee,
Lieut.-General U. S. Grant. General.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand," and I authorised him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where

he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes – General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night. . .

Soon after Lee's departure I telegraphed to Washington as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P. M.

HON E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT
Lieutenant-General

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honour of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

[John Codman Ropes, the historian, said in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1891:

"Probably no general in the Union army has been more honoured and appreciated, at least in the Northern states, than General Sherman. His achievements in the war were, perhaps, on the whole, more striking and brilliant than those performed by any other officer, Federal or Confederate. They were of a kind calculated powerfully to excite the imagination, and they were crowned by complete and dazzling success. Then he was a man of most marked and individual traits of character. He was bold in action and in speech. He possessed all the peculiarly American characteristics. He was not only enterprising, full of resources, aggressive, but he was all this in a way distinctively his own: he was the type of the American general in these respects. More than this, he took the public into his confidence to a degree that no other general ever thought of doing. Not that he sought popularity by any unfair methods but that he could not help stating to the world his views and conclusions, proclaiming his likes and dislikes, as he went along. And although he was always a very plain-spoken man, and his opinions frequently ran counter to the popular notions, his evident honesty and sincerity took wonderfully with the people. There has been nobody in our time like General Sherman. . . ."

"As a subordinate commander, Sherman had the rare good fortune of serving under a man whom he greatly admired and in whom he fully trusted; and General Grant returned the confidence which his lieutenant reposed in him. The perfect understanding between these two eminent men was not only one of the most interesting facts of the war, but it was productive of great good to the public service. It showed in many ways how wise it is for the superior, when-

ever it is possible to do so, to rely confidently on the subordinate; to refrain from undertaking to regulate his decisions as to matters under his own eye; not to attempt to prescribe the details of his action or to criticise his dispositions in the spirit of a taskmaster. Cordial coöperation in their work was the fruit of this unique relation between Sherman and Grant."

The Personal Memoirs of William Tecumseh Sherman, two volumes, in an edition he revised and corrected, were copyrighted by him in 1890. This edition is now published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. By the kind permission of the owner of the copyright, Mr. Philemon Tecumseh Sherman, of New York, a son of General Sherman, the following selection is offered.—Ed.]

At West Point

At West Point I went through the regular course of four years, graduating in June, 1840, number six in a class of forty-three. These forty-three were all that remained of more than one hundred which originally constituted the class. At the Academy I was not considered a good soldier, for at no time was I selected for any office, but remained a private throughout the whole four years. Then, as now, neatness in dress and form, with a strict conformity to the rules, were the qualifications required for office, and I suppose I was found not to excel in any of these. In studies I always held a respectable reputation with the professors, and generally ranked among the best, especially in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and natural philosophy. My average demerits, per annum, were about one hundred and fifty, which

reduced my final class standing from number four to six."

Early Days in California

During the fall of 1848, Warner, Ord, and I, camped on the bank of the American River, abreast of Sutter's Fort (near Sacramento, California), at what was known as the "Old Tan-yard." I was cook, Ord cleaned up the dishes, and Warner looked after the horses; but Ord was deposed as scullion because he would only wipe the tin plates with a tuft of grass, according to the custom of the country, whereas Warner insisted on having them washed after each meal with hot water. Warner was in consequence promoted to scullion, and Ord became the hostler. We drew our rations in kind from the commissary at San Francisco, who sent them up to us by a boat; and we were thus enabled to dispense a generous hospitality to many a poor devil who otherwise would have had nothing to eat.

The winter of 1848–49 was a period of intense activity throughout California. The rainy season was unfavourable to the operations of gold-mining, and was very hard upon the thousands of houseless men and women who dwelt in the mountains, and even in the towns. Most of the natives and old inhabitants had returned to their ranches and houses; yet there were not roofs enough in the country to shelter the thou-

sands who had arrived by sea and by land The news had gone forth to the whole civilised world that gold in fabulous quantities was to be had for the mere digging, and adventurers came pouring in blindly to seek their fortunes, without a thought of house or food. Yerba Buena had been converted into San Francisco. Sacramento City had been laid out, lots were being rapidly sold, and the town was being built up as an entrepôt to the mines Stockton also had been chosen as a convenient point for trading with the lower or southern mines. Captain Sutter was the sole proprietor of the former, and Captain Charles Weber was the owner of the site of Stockton, which was as yet known as "French Camp."

Begins as a Lawyer

Early in September, 1858, I reached Leavenworth, Kansas. After looking about and consulting with friends, among them my classmate, Major Stewart Van Vliet, quartermaster at the fort, I concluded to accept the proposition of Mr. Ewing, and accordingly the firm of Sherman & Ewing was duly announced, and our services to the public offered as attorneys-at-law.

We had an office on Main Street, between Shawnee and Delaware, on the second floor, over the office of Hampton Denman, Esq., mayor of the city. This building was a mere shell, and our office was reached by a stairway

on the outside. Although in the course of my ordinary law-books, such as Blackstone, Kent, Starkie, etc., I did not presume to be a lawyer; but our agreement was that Thomas Ewing, Jr., a good and thorough lawyer, should manage all business in the courts, while I gave attention to collections, agencies for houses and lands, and such business as my experience in banking had qualified me for. Yet, as my name was embraced in a law-firm, it seemed to me proper to take out a licence. Accordingly, one day when the United States Judge Lecompte was in our office, I mentioned the matter to him; he told me to go down to the clerk of his court, and he would give me the licence. I inquired what examination I would have to submit to, and he replied, "None at all;" he would admit me on the ground of general intelligence.

During the summer we got our share of the business of the profession, then represented by several eminent law-firms, embracing names that have since flourished in the Senate, and in the higher courts of the country. But the most lucrative single case was given me by my friend Major Van Vliet, who employed me to go to Fort Riley, 136 miles west of Fort Leavenworth, to superintend the repairs to the military road. For this purpose he supplied me with a four-mule ambulance and driver. The country was then sparsely settled, and quite as many Indians were along the road as white people; still there were embryo towns all along

the route, and a few farms sprinkled over the beautiful prairies. On reaching Indianola, near Topeka, I found everybody down with the chills and fever. My own driver became so shaky that I had to act as driver and cook. But in due season I reconnoitred the road, and made contracts for repairing some bridges, and for cutting such parts of the road as needed it.

RESIGNS FROM THE LOUISIANA MILITARY ACADEMY ON THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR

The seizure of the arsenal at Baton Rouge occurred January 10, 1861, and the secession ordinance was not passed until about the 25th or 26th of the same month. At all events, after the seizure of the arsenal, and before the passage of the ordinance of secession, viz., on the 18th of January, I wrote as follows:

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING
AND MILITARY ACADEMY
January 18, 1861.

GOVERNOR THOMAS O. MOORE,
Baton Rouge, Lousiana.

SIR: As I occupy a quasi military position under the laws of the state, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a state in the Union, and when the motto of this seminary was inserted in marble over the main door: "By the liberality

of the General Government of the United States. The Union — *esto perpetua.*"

Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraw from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word.

In that event, I beg you will send or appoint some authorised agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war belonging to the state, or advise me what disposition to make of them.

And furthermore, as president of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent, the moment the state determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Superintendent.

[*Private*]

January 18, 1861.

To GOVERNOR MOORE.

MY DEAR SIR: I take it for granted that you have been expecting for some days the accompanying paper from me (the above official

letter). I have repeatedly and again made known to General Graham and Dr. Smith that, in the event of a severance of the relations hitherto existing between the Confederated states of this Union, I would be forced to choose the old Union. It is barely possible all the states may secede, South and North, that new combinations may result, but this process will be one of time and uncertainty, and I cannot with my opinions await the subsequent development.

I have never been a politician, and therefore undervalue the excited feelings and opinions of present rulers, but I do think, if this people cannot execute a form of government like the present, that a worse one will result.

I will keep the cadets as quiet as possible. They are nervous, but I think the interest of the state requires them here, guarding this property and acquiring a knowledge which will be useful to your state in aftertimes.

When I leave, which I now regard as certain, the present professors can manage well enough to afford you leisure time to find a suitable successor to me. You might order Major Smith to receipt for the arms, and to exercise military command, while the academic exercises could go on under the board. In time, some gentleman will turn up, better qualified than I am, to carry on the seminary to its ultimate point of success. I entertain the kindest feelings toward all, and would leave the state with much regret;

only in great events we must choose, one way or the other. Truly, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

A Visit to President Lincoln

One day in April, 1861, John Sherman took me with him to see Mr. Lincoln. He walked into the room where the secretary to the President now sits, we found the room full of people, and Mr. Lincoln sat at the end of the table, talking with three or four gentlemen, who soon left. John walked up, shook hands, and took a chair near him, holding in his hand some papers referring to minor appointments in the state of Ohio, which formed the subject of conversation. Mr. Lincoln took the papers, said he would refer them to the proper heads of departments, and would be glad to make the appointments asked for, if not already promised. John then turned to me, and said, "Mr. President, this is my brother, Colonel Sherman, who is just up from Louisiana, he may give you some information you want." "Ah!" said Mr. Lincoln, "how are they getting along down there?" I said, "They think they are getting along swimmingly — they are preparing for war." "Oh, well!" said he, "I guess we 'll manage to keep house." I was silenced, said no more to him, and we soon left. I was sadly disappointed, and remember that I broke out on John, d—ning the politicians generally, saying, "You have got things in a hell

of a fix, and you may get them out as best you can," adding that the country was sleeping on a volcano that might burst forth at any minute, but that I was going to St. Louis to take care of my family, and would have no more to do with it. John begged me to be more patient, but I said I would not; that I had no time to wait, that I was off for St. Louis; and off I went. At Lancaster I found letters from Major Turner, inviting me to St. Louis, as the place in the Fifth Street Railroad (as president) was a sure thing, and that Mr. Lucas would rent me a good house on Locust Street, suitable for my family, for six hundred dollars a year.

A Visit from President Lincoln

Three months later, it must have been about July 26, 1861, I was near the river bank, looking at a block-house which had been built for the defence of the aqueduct, when I saw a carriage coming by the road that crossed the Potomac River at Georgetown by a ferry. I thought I recognised in the carriage the person of President Lincoln. I hurried across a bend, so as to stand by the roadside as the carriage passed. I was in uniform with a sword on, and was recognised by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, who rode side by side in an open hack. I inquired if they were going to my camps, and Mr. Lincoln said: "Yes; we heard that you had got over the big scare, and we thought we would come over

and see the 'boys.' " The roads had been much changed and were rough. I asked if I might give directions to his coachman; he promptly invited me to jump in and to tell the coachman which way to drive. Intending to begin on the right and follow round to the left, I turned the driver into a side road which led up a very steep hill, and, seeing a soldier, called to him and sent him up hurriedly to announce to the colonel (Bennett, I think) that the President was coming. As we slowly ascended the hill, I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was full of feeling, and wanted to encourage our men. I asked if he intended to speak to them, and he said he would like to. I asked him then to please discourage all cheering, noise, or any sort of confusion; that we had had enough of it before Bull Run to ruin any set of men, and that what we needed were cool, thoughtful, hard-fighting soldiers — no more hurrahing, no more humbug. He took my remarks in the most perfect good-nature. Before we had reached the first camp, I heard the drum beating the "assembly," saw the men running for their tents, and in a few minutes the regiment was in line, arms presented, and then brought to an order and "parade rest!"

Mr. Lincoln stood up in the carriage and made one of the neatest, best, and most feeling addresses I ever listened to, referring to our late disaster at Bull Run, the high duties that still devolved on us, and the brighter days yet to

come. At one or two points the soldiers began to cheer, but he promptly checked them saying: "Do n't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself, but Colonel Sherman here says it is not military; and I guess we had better defer to his opinion." In winding up he explained that, as President, he was commander-in-chief; that he was resolved that the soldiers should have everything that the law allowed; and he called on one and all to appeal to him personally in case they were wronged. The effect of this speech was excellent.

To Sherman from Grant on the Eve of Being Appointed Lieutenant-General

[*Private*]

Nashville, Tennessee, March 4, 1864.

Dear Sherman:

The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place.

I now receive orders to report at Washington immediately, *in person*, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order, but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there that I shall accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my head-quarters. This, however, is not what I started out to write about.

While I have been eminently successful in this

war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as *the men* to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but, starting in the morning I do not know that I will find time just now

Your friend,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General.

[*Private and Confidential*]

NEAR MEMPHIS March 10, 1864.

GENERAL GRANT,

DEAR GENERAL: I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th, and will send a copy of it to General McPherson at once

You do yourself injustice and us too much honour in assigning to us so large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as here ofore to manifest it on all proper occasions.

You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue as heretofore to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings who will award to you a large share for securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honour. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson also you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that victory admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just, as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest, as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have alway

manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour.

This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga — no doubts, no reserve; and I tell you that it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come — if alive.

My only points of doubt were as to your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all this.

Now as to the future. Do not stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you are to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come out West; take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley; let us make it dead-sure, and I tell you the Atlantic slope and Pacific shores will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk! We have done much: still much remains to be done. Time and time's influences are all with us; we could almost afford to sit still and let these influences work. Even in the seceded States your word *now* would go further than a President's proclamation, or an act of Congress.

For God's sake and for your country's sake, come out of Washington! I foretold to General Halleck, before he left Corinth, the inevitable result to him, and I now exhort you to come

out West. Here lies the seat of the coming empire; and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic. Your sincere friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

BEGINS THE MARCH TO THE SEA

About 7 A.M. of November 16, 1864, we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped waggons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus

of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds — a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by way of

Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the sea-coast first at Savannah or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The first night out we camped by the roadside near Lithonia. Stone Mountain, a mass of granite, was in plain view, cut out in clear outline against the blue sky; the whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one I have described, of heating the middle of the iron-rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached much importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the Field,

Washington, D. C., May 30, 1865.

The general commanding announces to the armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some

of you will go to your homes, and others will be retained in military service till further orders.

And now that we are all about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of national affairs when, but little more than a year ago, we were gathered about the cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty.

Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause — the union of our country, and the perpetuation of the Government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rocky-Face Mountain and Buzzard Roost Gap, and the ugly forts of Dalton behind.

We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake-Creek Gap and fell on Resaca; then on to the Etowah, to Dallas, Kenesaw; and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home, and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over and fought four hard battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem, destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the state of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah.

Waiting there only long enough to fill our waggons, we again began a march which, for peril, labour, and results, will compare with any ever made by an organised army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the "high hills" and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, were all passed in midwinter with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy; and, after the battles of Averysboro, and Bentonsville, we once more came out of the wilderness, to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, until we met our enemy suing for peace, instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold, had checked us; but when he, who had fought us hard and persistently, offered submission, your general thought it wrong to pursue him farther, and negotiations followed, which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender.

How far the operations of this army contributed to the final overthrow of the Confederacy and the peace which now dawns upon us, must be judged by others, not by us; but that you have done all that men could do has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because

the war is *over*, and our Government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies and navy of the United States.

To such as remain in the service, your general need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home, he will only say that our favoured country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil, and productions, that every man may find a home and occupation suited to his taste; none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventures abroad; do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment

Your general now bids you farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's army" will be the first to buckle on its old armour, and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance.

By order of Major-General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GRANT AND SHERMAN CHOOSE THEIR HOBBIES

[General Sherman, referring to a period shortly after the close of the war, says:]

Here I will remark that General Grant, afterward famous as the "silent man," used to be

very gossipy, and no one was ever more fond than he of telling anecdotes of our West Point and early army life. At the Chicago reunion he told me that I would have to come to Washington, that he wanted me to effect a change as to the general staff, which he had long contemplated, and which was outlined in his letter to Mr. Stanton of January 29, 1866 [see Memoirs], which had been repeatedly published, and was well known to the military world; that on being inaugurated President on the 4th of March he would retain General Schofield as his Secretary of War until the change had become habitual; that the modern custom of the Secretary of War giving military orders to the adjutant-general and other staff officers was positively wrong and should be stopped. Speaking of General Grant's personal characteristics at that period of his life, I recall a conversation in his carriage, when, riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, he inquired of me in a humorous way, "Sherman, what special hobby do you intend to adopt?" I inquired what he meant, and he explained that all men had their special weakness or vanity, and that it was wiser to choose one's own than to leave the newspapers to affix one less acceptable, and that for his part he had chosen the "horse," so that when any one tried to pump him he would turn the conversation to his "horse." I answered that I would stick to the "theatre

and balls," for I was always fond of seeing young people happy, and did actually acquire a reputation for "dancing," though I had not attempted the waltz, or anything more than the ordinary cotillon, since the war.

DISCIPLINE AND COURAGE

When a regiment is deployed as skirmishers, and crosses an open field or woods, under heavy fire, if each man runs forward from tree to tree, or stump to stump, and yet preserves a good general alignment, it gives great confidence to the men themselves, for they always keep their eyes well to the right and left, and watch their comrades; but when some few hold back, stick too close or too long to a comfortable log, it often stops the line and defeats the whole object. Therefore, the more we improve the firearm the more will be the necessity for good organisation, and good discipline and intelligence on the part of the individual soldier and officer. There is, of course, such a thing as individual courage, which has a value in war, but familiarity with danger, experience in war and its common attendants, and personal habit, are equally valuable traits, and these are the qualities with which we usually have to deal in war. All men naturally shrink from pain and danger, and only incur their risk from some higher motive, or from habit; so that I would define true courage

to be perfect sensibility of the measure of danger, and a mental willingness to incur it, rather than that insensibility to danger of which I have heard far more than I have seen. The most courageous men are generally unconscious of possessing the quality; therefore, when one professes it too openly, by words or bearing, there is reason to mistrust it. I would further illustrate my meaning by describing a man of true courage to be one who possesses all his faculties and senses perfectly when serious danger is actually present.

How It Feels to Lead an Army

It is related of Napoleon that his last words were, "Tête d'armée!" ["Head of the army."] Doubtless, as the shadow of death obscured his memory, the last thought that remained for speech was of some event when he was directing an important "head of column." I believe that every general who has handled armies in battle must recall from his own experience the intensity of thought on some similar occasion, when by a single command he had given the finishing stroke to some complicated action; but to me recurs another thought that is worthy of record, and may encourage others who are to follow us in our profession. I never saw the rear of an army engaged in battle but I feared that some calamity had happened at the front — the apparent confusion, broken waggons, crippled horses, men lying about dead and

maimed, parties hastening to and fro in seeming disorder, and a general apprehension of something dreadful about to ensue; all these signs, however, lessened as I neared the front, and there the contrast was complete — perfect order, men and horses full of confidence, and it was not unusual to find general hilarity, laughing, and cheering. Although cannon might be firing, the musketry clattering, and the enemy's shot hitting close, there reigned a general feeling of strength and security that bore a marked contrast to the bloody signs that had drifted rapidly to the rear; therefore for comfort and safety, I surely would rather be at the front than the rear line of battle. So also on the march, the head of a column moves on steadily, while the rear is alternately halting and then rushing forward to close up the gap; and all sorts of rumours, especially the worst, float back to the rear. Old troops invariably deem it a special privilege to be in the front — to be at the "head of column" — because experience has taught them that it is the easiest and most comfortable place, and danger only adds zest and stimulus to this fact.

The hardest task in war is to lie in support of some position or battery, under fire without the privilege of returning it; or to guard some train left in the rear, within hearing but out of danger; or to provide for the wounded and dead of some corps which is too busy ahead to care for its own.

To be at the head of a strong column of troops in the execution of some task that requires brain, is the highest pleasure of war — a grim one and terrible, but which leaves on the mind and memory the strongest mark; to detect the weak point of an enemy's line; to break through with vehemence and thus lead to victory; or to discover some key-point and hold it with tenacity; or to do some other distinct act is afterward recognised as the real cause of success. These all become matters that are never forgotten. Other great difficulties, experienced by every general, are to measure truly the thousand and one reports that come to him in the midst of conflict; to preserve a clear and well-defined purpose at every instant of time, and to cause all efforts to converge to that end.

To do these things he must know perfectly the strength and quality of each part of his own army as well as that of his opponent, and must be where he can personally see and observe with his own eyes, and judge with his own mind. No man can properly command an army from the rear, he must be "at its front"; and when a detachment is made, the commander thereof should be informed of the object to be accomplished, and left as free as possible to execute it in his own way; and when an army is divided up into several parts, the superior should always attend that one which he regards as most important. Some men think that modern armies may

be so regulated that a general can sit in an office and play on his several columns as on the keys of a piano: this is a fearful mistake. The directing mind must be at the very head of the army — must be seen there, and the effect of his mind and personal energy must be felt by every officer and man present with it, to secure the best results. Every attempt to make war easier and safe will result in humiliation and disaster.

Lastly, mail facilities should be kept up with an army if possible, that officers and men may receive and send letters to their friends, thus maintaining the home influence of infinite assistance to discipline. Newspaper correspondents with an army, as a rule, are mischievous. They are the world's gossips, pick up and retail the camp scandal, and gradually drift to the headquarters of some general, who finds it easier to make reputation at home than with his own corps or division. They are also tempted to prophesy events and state facts which, to an enemy, reveal a purpose in time to guard against it. Moreover, they are always bound to see facts colored by the partisan or political character of their own patrons, and thus bring army officers into political controversies of the day, which are always mischievous and wrong. Yet, so greedy are the people at large for war news, that it is doubtful whether any army commander can exclude all reporters, without bringing down on himself a clamour that may imperil his own

safety. Time and moderation must bring a just solution to this modern difficulty.

Retirement from the Army and Farewell

On the 8th day of February, 1884, I was sixty-four years of age, and therefore retired by the operation of the Act of Congress, approved June 30, 1882; but the fact was gracefully noticed by President Arthur in the following general orders:

War Department, Adjutant-general's Office, Washington, February 8, 1884.

The following order of the President is published to the army:

Executive Mansion, February 8, 1884.

General William T. Sherman, General of the Army, having this day reached the age of sixty-four years, is, in accordance with the law, placed upon the retired list of the army, without reduction in his current pay and allowances.

The announcement of the severance from the command of the army of one who has been for so many years its distinguished chief, can but awaken in the minds, not only of the army, but of the people of the United States, mingled emotions of regret and gratitude — regret at the withdrawal from active military service of an officer whose lofty sense of duty has been a model for all soldiers since he first entered the army in July, 1840; and gratitude, freshly awakened, for the services of incalculable value

rendered by him in the war for the Union, which his great military genius and daring did so much to end.

The President deems this a fitting occasion to give expression in this manner to the gratitude felt toward General Sherman by his fellow-citizens, and to the hope that Providence may grant him many years of health and happiness in the relief from the active duties of his profession.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By order of the Secretary of War:
R. C. DRUM, Adjutant-General.

To which I replied:

ST. LOUIS, February 9, 1884.

HIS EXCELLENCY CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
President of the United States.

DEAR SIR: Permit me with a soldier's frankness to thank you personally for the handsome compliment bestowed in general orders of yesterday, which are reported in the journals of the day. To me it was a surprise and a most agreeable one. I had supposed the actual date of my retirement would form a short paragraph in the common series of special orders of the War Department; but as the honoured Executive of our country has made it the occasion for his own hand to pen a tribute of respect and affection to an officer passing from the active stage of life to one of ease and rest, I can only say I feel highly honoured, and congratulate

myself in thus rounding out my record of service in a manner most gratifying to my family and friends. Not only this, but I feel sure, when the orders of yesterday are read on parade to the regiments and garrisons of the United States, many a young hero will tighten his belt, and resolve anew to be brave and true to the starry flag, which we of our day have carried safely through one epoch of danger, but which may yet be subjected to other trials, which may demand similar sacrifices, equal fidelity and courage, and a larger measure of intelligence. Again thanking you for so marked a compliment and, reciprocating the kind wishes for the future, I am, with profound respect your friend and servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

This I construe as the end of my military career. In looking back upon the past I can only say, with millions of others, that I have done many things I should not have done, and have left undone still more which ought to have been done; that I can see where hundreds of opportunities have been neglected, but on the whole am content; and feel sure that I can travel this broad country of ours, and be each night the welcome guest in palace or cabin; and, as

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players

I claim the privilege to ring down the curtain.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

[The "American Crisis Biographies," published by G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, include a capital volume on General Lee, by Philip Alexander Bruce, of Virginia. He states with judicial fairness the Virginian theory of constitutional law which obliged Lee at the outbreak of civil war to cast in his lot with his native state. Lee's military history is sketched in clear outlines, and his biographer holds that if Lee had been resolute in adhering to his plans, against the views of President Davis, the Southern cause might not have suffered ultimate defeat. In a closing page, Mr. Bruce says:

"No impartial mind can dwell upon General Lee's character without recalling Washington's; nor is the similarity to be wondered at, for being natives of the same county, the dispositions of both men had been shaped by the influences of the same physical surroundings, the same social life, and the same general ancestry. Each was the consummate flower of all that was elevated in slave institutions. Earnest, sedate, and studious even in boyhood, both had assumed the duties of manhood when others of their own age were still in a state of dependence. A commanding presence, and an equally commanding personal dignity, were common to both almost from their youth down to their last hours. Both were remarkable for a combination of moral and intellectual qualities so evenly balanced and so exquisitely proportioned that no one quality overshadowed or dwarfed another. Equally characteristic of both were their perfect integrity and probity in every relation and every situation of their lives. Both were endowed with that supreme gift of mind and soul, which raises up one man among ten millions to be a historical leader of men. Lee possessed the greater military genius, but it was Lee, not Washington, who was ultimately unsuccessful; strangely alike in their characters and in their careers, they were strangely unlike in their final destinies."

"Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by his son Captain Robert E. Lee, with photogravure portraits, copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Company, afford the pages which follow.—Ed.]

To His Daughter Annie

West Point, February 25, 1853.

My Precious Annie:

I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's (your mother's) letter, which lies before me, and which must, the Mim says so, go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavour to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to *all* your duties can only accomplish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's *children* do not practise what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he

permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes (his third daughter) must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbours, and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's [Custis's] company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Resigns from the United States Army

To General Winfield Soctt:

Arlington, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

General: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for

the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time — more than a quarter of a century — I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

Save in the defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

To His Wife, on the Enlistment of His Son, Robert

Richmond, March 15, 1862.

My Dear Mary: I wrote you yesterday by mail. On returning to my quarters last night after 11 P.M. Custis informed me Robert had arrived and had made up his mind to go into the army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good. They all have to

be made, and he has gone to the office of the adjutant-general of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good as He has permitted it. I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the university, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go, if he did not improve himself, nor would I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty and make a good soldier. Very truly yours, R. E. Lee.

To His Wife from the Seat of War

Camp Fredericksburg, Christmas Day, 1862.

. . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognise it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends

and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.

To His Daughter Agnes. On the Desolations of War

Camp Fredericksburg, December 26, 1862.

My Precious Little Agnes:

I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . I have seen the ladies in this vicinity only when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed any-

where. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles, and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister Mary, and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I had given them for her. If caught, it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well.

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

On the Eve of Surrender

[Captain Robert E. Lee, a son of General Lee, and his biographer, says:]

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

"I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to

maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour."

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of the April 9th, 1865, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said:

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, nearing this, said:

"Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" replied he:

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

There had been some correspondence with Grant, just before the conversation with General Pendleton. After Gordon's attack failed, a flag of truce was sent out, and, about eleven o'clock, General Lee went to meet General Grant. The terms of surrender were agreed upon, and then General Lee called attention to the pressing needs of his men. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them

My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

Grant said he would at once send him 25,000 rations. General Lee told him that amount would be ample and would be a great relief. He then rode back to his troops. The rations issued then to our army were the supplies destined for us but captured at Amelia Court House. Had they reached us in time, they would have given the half-starved troops that were left strength enough to make a further struggle.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can

return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, General.

The Father of a Careless Student

[As president of Washington College, General Leé had the utmost patience and forbearance with students who neglected their work. To the father of such a youth he wrote:]

Washington College,
Lexington, Virginia, April 20, 1868.

My dear Sir: I regret to see, from your letter of the 29th ult., to the clerk of the faculty, that you have misunderstood their action in reference to your son. He was not dismissed, as you suppose, from college, but every means having been tried by the faculty to induce him to attend faithfully and regularly to his studies, without effect, and great forbearance having been practised, it was thought best for him, and just to you, that he should return home. The action of the faculty was purposely designed, not to prevent his being received into any other college, or to return to this, should you so

desire. The monthly reports are intended to advise parents of the progress of their sons, and it was supposed you would have seen the little advancement made by yours in his studies, and that no further notice was required. The action of the faculty was caused by no immorality on his part, but by a systematic neglect of his duties, which no counsel on the part of his professors, or my own, could correct. In compliance, however, with your wishes, and on the positive promise of amendment on the part of your son, he has been received into college and I sincerely hope that he will apply himself diligently to his studies, and make an earnest effort to retrieve the time he has lost. With great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

To Mrs. Jefferson Davis in Sympathy

Lexington, Virginia, February, 23, 1866

My dear Mrs. Davis:

Your letter of the 12th inst. reached Lexington during my absence at Washington. I have never seen Mr. Colfax's speech, and am, therefore, ignorant of the statements it contained. Had it, however, come under my notice, I doubt whether I should have thought it proper to reply. *I have thought, from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course;* and I think so still. *Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public

mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These considerations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others. As regards the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, to which you allude, I know nothing and can say nothing of my own knowledge. I never had anything to do with any prisoners, except to send those taken on the fields, where I was engaged, to the Provost Marshal General at Richmond. I have felt most keenly the sufferings and imprisonment of your husband, and have earnestly consulted with friends as to any possible mode of affording him relief and consolation. He enjoys the sympathy and respect of all good men; and if, as you state, his trial is now near, the exhibition of the whole truth in his case will, I trust, prove his defence and justification. With sincere prayers for his health and speedy restoration to liberty, and earnest supplications to God that He may take you and yours under His guidance and protection, I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Raising the Regiment

During [1897] the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervour and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western world. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found

plenty of sympathisers, especially in the navy, the army, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis — with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battleships and the armoured cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers — every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an enemy was merely to

carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Dr. [now General] Leonard Wood

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the Navy Department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaign against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions — the Medal of Honour; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognised as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later

my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a football in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very

strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honour and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the *Maine* we felt that it was inevitable We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favour.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native state of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other state, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel — now General — Francis V. Greene, of New York, the colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorised the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also

white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders." At first we fought

against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organising was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all-important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats

who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the state troops, who were already organised as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

General Young's Fight

At six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men — as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realised that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corraled a couple of mules and was using them to trans

port the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie, at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who, though non-combatants — newspaper correspondents — showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to

glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward Colonel Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realised that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and

starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere — one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellen's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellen, Greenway, Kane, and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley

Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellen, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of

course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was unlimited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered moun

tain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there: I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we

dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighbourhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Henry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find

out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital — which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

The Cavalry at Santiago

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not

hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces. while they cried out, "We did n't hear you, we did n't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we 'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments

to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army.

How Colonel Roosevelt Treated His Men

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun

to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

How the Goodwill of Troops is Won and Held

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars, too, in time of trial the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and

food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed. I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would

share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the colour sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort, for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to — for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books

EXPLORERS

IN DARKEST AFRICA

Henry Morton Stanley

[Stanley's career is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of adventure, and it began humbly enough. In 1895 there was published in London a little book entitled "The birth, boyhood and younger days of Henry M. Stanley," by an old playmate, Thomas George. Its author tells us that the famous explorer was born in Ysgar, South Wales, November 16, 1840. He was the only son of Joshua Jones, a bookbinder and was baptised as Howell Jones. Mr. George says that Jones had an aunt in Cardigan, named Stanley; he conjectures that Jones, out of respect for her, took her name. His parents lived long enough to see their son win worldwide renown. Stanley's adventures began early. In June, 1857, he went to sea, was wrecked on the Spanish coast, and walked to Narbonne in France. What befell Stanley between 1857 and 1862 Mr. George does not recount in his sketches. Part of that time he was a cellarman in a Cincinnati warehouse. In 1862 Stanley joined the Confederate Army, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. He plunged into the river, dived and swam amid a shower of bullets, and escaped without a scratch. Finding his way to the seacoast he took passage to Bordeaux. But America was an irresistible magnet, and he soon recrossed the Atlantic. Again he enlisted, but this time on the Northern side, joining the United States flagship *Ticonderoga*, where he became secretary to the Admiral.

The Civil War at an end, America had, for the time being lost its attraction for this restless spirit. Stanley went to Crete, on hearing that an insurrection had broken out, but he could not agree with the leaders, and he left the island without having taken up arms. Next, with two American friends, he started on a tour of exploration through Asia Minor. The tour came to an abrupt termination by the party falling victims to a band of Turkish brigands

In 1867 Stanley, in America once more, accompanied General Hancock's expedition against the Cheyenne Indians, as correspondent for the Missouri *Republican* and the New York *Herald*. On his way eastward with a companion he built a raft, and floated down the Platte River to its confluence with the Missouri. On arriving in New York the *Herald* engaged him to accompany the forces of Lord Napier to Magdala, in Africa, where they were to set free the English captives of King Theodore. His next feat was to march, with a companion, through Persia to Hindostan: that tramp concluded, he became the Madrid correspondent of the New York *Herald*. But he was not to remain long in Spain, for the *Herald* soon dispatched him to Africa that he might find Dr. David Livingstone, the illustrious explorer, from whom no word had been heard for two years and more. Stanley's narrative, "How I found Livingstone," reciting his success in this errand, is one of the most fascinating books ever penned. In 1873 Stanley revisited Africa, still in the service of the New York *Herald*, to report the British campaign against the Ashantees. That task at an end he undertook, in 1874, on behalf of the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*, to continue the explorations which Dr. Livingstone had left unfinished. He reached Zanzibar despite obstacles that would have daunted any but the stoutest heart, any but the most resourceful mind. He explored the region of Lake Victoria Nyanza, reaching the lake itself, some 40,000 square miles in extent, in February, 1875. In November of the next year he began his famous voyage of 1,500 miles down the Congo River. His next exploit was the most memorable in his career. During five years, beginning with 1879, he represented the African International Association, with its headquarters in Brussels. He planted stations all the way from Vivi, on the Lower Congo, to Stanley Falls, a stretch of about 1,500 miles. In this labour as an explorer, in diplomatic and other tasks quite as difficult, he became the founder of what to-day, much extended in area, is the Congo Free State. In 1886 he commanded the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, Governor of the Equatorial Province of the Egyptian Soudan. "In Darkest Africa" recites the

story of that expedition, brimful of hazards courageously overcome. From that work, published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, the pages which follow are, with their permission, presented.

In 1890 Stanley married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the artist. He resumed citizenship in Great Britain and, in 1895, was elected a Member of Parliament for North Lambeth. Four years later, as the most distinguished explorer of his time, he received knighthood. He died in 1904.—ED.]

THROUGH THE FORESTS *

SOON after leaving Andaki (November 2, 1888), and crossing a broad ridge, we came upon a vast abandoned clearing. Probably a year had elapsed since the people had fled, and their settlements had been consumed with fire, for the banana plants were choked by the voracious undergrowth and wild plants, and the elephants had trampled through and through, and sported for months among the wasted groves, and over the crushed Musa plants, through phrynia flourishing two fathoms deep, and where the stumps of cut trees had sprouted and grown until their tufted tops were joined to one another in one great thick carpet of bush. Through this we carved our way with brandished billhooks and cutlasses; the native women had lost the track, and were bewildered by the wildly luxuriant shrubbery, under which we sweated in the damp hot-house heat, and ploughed our way through the deep green sea, until after ten

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faint, was adjured to tell me the truth about what he had eaten the last two days.

"I will," he said. "My mess had a fair provision of plantain flour that would have kept us with ease two days longer, but Sulimani, who carried it, put it down by the roadside while he went to gather mushrooms. When he returned the food was gone. He says the Manyuema had stolen it. Each one of us then on reaching camp last night set out to hunt for mushrooms, out of which we made a gruel. That is what we had to eat last night for supper. This morning we have fasted, but we are going to hunt up mushrooms again."

"And what will you eat to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is in the hands of God. I will live in hopes that I shall find something."

This youth, he was only nineteen, had carried sixty pound of cartridges in the meantime, and would carry it again to-morrow, and the next day, until he dropped, and measured his length with eyes upturned to the dark cope of leaves above, to be left there to mildew and rot; for out of nothing nothing can be extracted to feed hungry men. He was only a solitary instance of over 400 people.

We reached a Manyuema Camp, and Uledi recognised it as being a place where he had halted during a forage tour to the west of the Ihuru, while he was waiting for Messrs. Jephson and Nelson at Ipoto, and the advance column was journeying to Ibwiri in November, 1887.

On the 7th a halt was ordered, that a column might be sent under Uledi to search the clearing of Andari, six miles north-northwest of the camp, but over a hundred were so weak that they were unable to go, whereupon the messes were ordered to bring their pots up, and three handfuls of flour were placed in each to make gruel with, that they might have strength to reach the plantation.

On the 8th, about 200 remained silent in camp awaiting the foragers. In the afternoon, perceiving that it was too long a fast to wait for them we served out more plantain flour.

On the 9th, the foragers had not arrived. Two men had died in camp. One reeled from the effects of a poisonous fungus, as they came to get another ration of flour for their gruel; their steps were more feeble; the bones of the sternum were fearfully apparent. Three days would find us all perished, but we were hopeful that every minute we should hear the murmur of the returning column.

On the morning of the 10th, anxious for the European provisions which we were carrying for the officers at Fort Bodo, I had them examined, and discovered to my consternation that fifty-seven tins of meat, teas, coffees, milks, were short — had been eaten by the Manyuema. If a look had potency sufficient to blast them, they would have speedily been reduced to ashes. "Dear me, how could the tins have vanished?" asked the chief Sadi. Ah,

how? But the provision boxes were taken from his party, and Winchester and Maxim ammunition cases were served instead to them as freight.

At 2 P. M. the column of foragers returned, bringing from three to six days' provisions which they had gathered from an abandoned plantation. The bearers had refreshed themselves previous to gathering. Now, in return for my gruel, each member had to refund me one pound of flour, as my reserve store, and one pound for the sick, who were deprived of the power to forage, and who were rejected by the messes. So that in this manner the sick received about eight pounds of flour, or dried plantains, and I owned a reserve of 200 pounds for future use.

Within an hour and a half on the 11th we had reached Kilonga-Longa's ferry. The natives, fearing a repetition of his raids to the west of the Ihuru, had destroyed every canoe, and thus prevented me from crossing to pay Kilonga-Longa another visit, and to settle some accounts with him. The river was also in flood, and a gaunt and hungry wilderness stretched all round us. There was no other way for it than to follow the Ihuru upward until we could find means to cross to the east, or left side. Our course was now northeast by north.

On the 12th, we followed a track, along which quite a tribe of pigmies must have passed. It was lined with amoma fruit-skins, and shells of nuts, and the crimson rinds of phrynia berries

No wood-beans, or fenessi, or mabungu, are to be found in this region, as on the south bank of Ituri River. On reaching camp, I found that at the ferry, near the native camp at which we starved four days, six people had succumbed — a Madi, from a poisonous fungus, the Lado soldier, who was speared above Wasp Rapids, two Soudanese of the rear-column, a Manyuema boy in the service of Mr. Bonny, and Ibrahim, a fine young Zanzibari, from a poisoned skewer in the foot.

During the 13th the great forest was perceptibly improved for travel. Our elephant and game track had brought us across another track leading easterly from Andari, and both joined presently, developing to a highway much patronised by the pigmy tribes. This we followed for two hours. We could tell where they had stopped to light their pipes, and to crack nuts, and trap game, and halt to gossip. The twigs were broken three feet from the ground, showing that they were snapped by dwarfs. Where it was a little muddy the path showed high delicate insteps, proving their ancient ancestry and aristocratic descent, and small feet not larger than those of young English misses of eight years old. The path improved as we tramped along; it grew a highway of promise. Camps of the dwarfs were numerous. The soil was ochreous, the trees were larger, and towered to magnificent heights.

I observed as we filed into camp that it was

time to obtain a further supply of food, and rest somewhere, the bearing of the people lacked confidence, their forms were shrinking under the terrible task, and perpetual daily toil and round of marching and hunger. I could have wept at the excess of misfortunes which weighed us daily lower toward the grave; but we had been for so long strained to bear violent vicissitudes, and so frequently afflicted with sights of anguish and suffering, that we were reduced to hear each day's tale of calamity in sorrowful silence. What losses we had already borne were beyond power of plaint and tear to restore. The morrow's grief awaited us, as certain as the morrow's sun; and to dwell upon the sorrowful past was to unfit us for what we had yet to bear.

To make 230 loads equal to the daily lessening number of carriers was a most aggravating task. Not one out of twenty men but made some complaint of a severe ulcer, a headache, or threatened rupture, undefined bodily pains, a whitlow, a thorn in the foot, rheumatism, fever, etc. The loads remained always the same, but the carriers died.

On the 14th, the expedition, after a six hours' march, approached Anduta and Andikumu. As the advance guard was pressing in over the logs and debris of the prostrated forest, some arrows flew, and two men fell wounded, and immediately boxes and bales were dropped, and quite a lively skirmish with the tall-hatted natives occurred; but in half-an-hour the main

body of the caravan filed in, to find such a store of abnormally large plantains that the ravenous men were in ecstasies.

In extent the clearing was equal to the famous one of Ibwiri. It was situate in the bosom of hills which rose to the east, west, and south. Along one of the tracks we saw the blazings of the Manyuema on the trees, and one of the villages was in ruins; but the size of the clearing had baffled the ravaging horde in their attempt to destroy the splendid plantain groves.

On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese corporal to recover the box.

Arriving near the spot, they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find, and the tiny women carrying their tinier babies at their backs vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man cut a light

pole, and laid it through the grummets, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength, and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize. We saw the little Jack Horner, too fat by many pounds; but the story belongs to the headmen, who delivered it with infinite humour.

THE GREAT FOREST OF CENTRAL AFRICA*

Now let us look at this great forest (as we began our traverse in December, 1888), not for a scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine

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differences between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitrified gums, or which drip in milky tears or amber globules, or opaline pastils, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend up and down the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the furious struggle which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge, for already it is a mere semblance of a prostrate log. Within it is alive with minute tribes. It would charm an entomologist. Put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in colour, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupations, exultant in their fierce but brief life, most insatiate of their kind, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and swarming everywhere and exploring everything. Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity, and activity breathes around you. Open your notebook, the page attracts a dozen butterflies, a honey-bee hovers over your hand; other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face,

an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe! woe!

And yet it is all beautiful — but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving.

Imagine the whole of France and the Spanish peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendent from branch to branch — with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like

lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants — these would represent the elephant-eared plant — and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree, branch, twig, and creeper with a thick moss like a green fur. Where the forest is compact as described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick crop of phrynia, and amona, and dwarf bush; but if the lightning, as frequently happens, has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or a tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward — crowded, crushing, and treading upon and strangling one another, until the whole is one impervious bush.

But the average forest is a mixture of these scenes. There will probably be groups of fifty trees standing like columns of a cathedral, gray and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clambering upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by the sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also.

There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents thinning the forest, removing the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as

among humanity. Let us suppose a tall chief among the giants, like an insolent son of Anak. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows — the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines, and wounds half a dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. The parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches, fallen during a storm, and dwarfed untimely. Some have been gnawed by rodents, or have been sprained by elephants leaning on them to rub their prurient hides, and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds, until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently tall and short nomads have tried their axes, spears, and knives, on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us.

To complete the mental picture of this ruthless forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with half formed humus of rotting twigs, leaves, branches; every few yards there should be a

prostrate giant, a reeking compost of rotten fibres, and departed generations of insects, and colonies of ants, half veiled with masses of vines and shrouded by the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengthy briars and calamus in many fathom lengths, and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks, and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus and lilies, and a greasy green scum composed of millions of finite growths. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of tribes, who are at war with each other and who live apart from ten to fifty miles in the midst of a prostrate forest, amongst whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioc, beans, tobacco, colocassia, gourds, melons, etc., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf, or on the lee side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed from the poison smeared on the tops of the skewers, or lamed for months. They have piled up branches and have formed barricades of great trees, and they lie in wait behind with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire, and smeared with poison.

The primæval forest, that is that old growth

untouched by man, and left since the earliest time to thrive and die, one age after another, is easily distinguishable from that part which at some time or another afforded shelter for man. The trees are taller and straighter, and of more colossal girth. It has frequently glades presenting little difficulty for travel, the invariable obstructions being the arum, phrynia, and amoma. The ground is firmer and more compact, and the favourite camping ground for the pigmy nomads are located in such places. When the plants and small bushes are cut down, we have an airy, sylvan, and cool temple, delightful for a dwelling.

Then comes the forest which during a few generations has obliterated all evidences of former husbandry. A few of the trees, especially of the soft-wooded kind, have grown to equal height with the ancient patriarchs, but as soon as man abandoned the clearing, hosts of nameless trees, shrubs, and plants have riotously hastened to avail themselves of his absence, and the race for air and light is continued for many years; consequently the undergrowth by the larger quantity of sunshine becomes luxuriant, and there are few places penetrable in it without infinite labour. Among these a variety of palms will be found, especially the Elais and Raphia vinifera.

And after this comes the bush proper, the growth of a few years, which admits no ingress whatever within its shade. We are therefore

obliged to tunnel through stifling masses of young vegetation, so matted and tangled together that one fancies it would be easier to travel over the top were it of equal and consistent thickness and level. Vigorous young trees are found imbedded in these solid and compact masses of vegetation, and these support the climbing plants, the vines, and creepers. Under these, after a pathway has been scooped out, the unshod feet are in danger from the thorns, and the sharp cut stalks. which are apt to pierce the feet and lacerate the legs.

This last was the character of the bush mostly near the river. Both banks presented numberless old clearings and abandoned sites; and as the stream was the only means of communication employed by the tribes, the only way of effecting any progress was by laborious cutting.

The clearings which had been abandoned within a year exhibited veritable wonders of vegetable life, of unsurpassed fecundity, and bewildering variety of species. The charred poles of the huts became the supports of climbers whose vivid green leaves soon shrouded the ugliness of desolation, and every upright and stump assumed the appearance of a miniature bower, or a massive piece of columned ruin. As the stumps were frequently twenty feet high, and were often seen in twins, the plants had gravitated across the space between and after embracing had continued their growth

along the length of one another, and had formed in this manner an umbrageous arch, and had twisted themselves in endless lengths around the supports until it became difficult to find what supported such masses of delicate vines. In some instances they had formed lofty twin towers with an arched gateway between, resembling a great ruin of an old castle, and the whole was gay with purple and white flowers. The silvered boles of ancient primæval giants long ago ringed by the axe and doomed to canker and decay, and the great gaunt far-spreading arms and branchlets had been clothed by vines a hundredfold until they seemed like clouds of vivid green, which, under the influence of sudden gusts, streamed with countless tendrils, or swayed like immense curtains.

When marching along with the column, or encamped for the night, the murmur of voices was not congenial to nourishing any fine sentiments about the forest. We suffered too much hunger, and sustained such protracted misery; we were preyed upon too often in patience, and temper, and forbearance. Our clothes suited well enough for open country, were no protection against the hostilities of the bush. But if once we absented ourselves from camp, and the voices of the men died away, and we forgot our miseries, and were not absorbed by the sense of the many inconveniences, an awe of the forest rushed upon the soul and filled the mind. The voice sounded with rolling echoes, as in a

a trunk of a tree

cathedral. One became conscious of its eerie strangeness, the absence of sunshine, its subdued light, and marvelled at the queer feeling of loneliness, while inquiringly looking around to be assured that this loneliness was no delusion. It was as if one stood amid the inhabitants of another world. We enjoyed life — the one vegetable, the other human. Standing there so massive and colossal, so silent and still, and yet with such solemn severity of majesty, it did seem curious that the two lives, so like in some sense, were yet so incommunicable. It would have suited the fitness of things, I thought, had a wrinkled old patriarch addressed me with the gravity and seriousness of a Methuselah, or an Achillean and powerful bombax, with his buttressed feet planted firm in the ground, had disdainfully demanded my business in that assembly of stately forest kings.

But what thoughts were kindled as we peeped out from an opening in the woods and looked across the darkening river which reflected the advancing tempest, and caught a view of the mighty army of trees — their heights as various as their kind, all rigid in the gloaming, awaiting in stern array the war with the storm. The coming wind has concentrated its terrors for destruction, the forked lightning is seen darting its spears of white flame across the front of infinite hosts of clouds. Out of their depths issues the thunderbolt, and the march of the

winds is heard coming to the onset. Suddenly the trees, which have stood still — as in a painted canvas — awaiting the shock with secure tranquillity, are seen to bow their tops in unison, followed by universal swaying and straining as though a wild panic had seized them. They reel this way and that, but they are restrained from flight by sturdy stems and fixed roots, and the strong buttresses which maintain them upright. Pressed backward to a perilous length they recover from the first blow, and dart their heads in furious waves forward, and the glory of the war between the forest and the storm is at its height. Legion after legion of clouds ride over the wind-tossed crests, there is a crashing and roaring, a loud soughing and moaning, shrill screaming of squalls, and groaning of countless woods. There are mighty sweeps from the great tree-kings, as though mighty strokes were being dealt; there is a world-wide rustling of foliage, as though in gleeful approval of the vast strength of their sires; there are flashes of pale green light, as the lesser battalions are roused up to the fight by the example of their brave ancients. Our own spirits are aroused by the grand conflict — the Berserker rage is contagious. In our souls we applaud the rush and levelling force of the wind, and for a second are ready to hail the victor; but the magnificent array of the forest champions with streaming locks, the firmness with which the vast army of trees rise in unison with their

leaders, the rapturous quiver of the bush below inspire a belief that they will win if they but persevere. The lightning darts here and there with splendour of light and scathing flame, the thunders explode with deafening crashes, reverberating with terrible sounds among the army of woods, the black clouds roll over and darken the prospect; and as cloud becomes involved within cloud, in the shifting pale light, we have a last view of the wild war, we are stunned by the fury of the tempest, and the royal rage of the forest, when down comes the deluge of tropic rain which in a short time extinguishes the white heat wrath of the elements, and soothes to stillness the noble anger of the woods.

THE PIGMIES: THEIR SKILL AND CUNNING.*

Scattered among the Balessé, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Ngaiyu and Ituri Rivers, a region equal in area to about two-thirds of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akka, and Bazungu. These people are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pigmies, who live in the uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult

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male may weigh ninety pounds. They plant their village camps at a distance of from two to three miles around a tribe of agricultural aborigines, the majority of whom are fine stalwart people. A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten, or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from two thousand to two thousand five hundred souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians within, and by a slight movement, the shed falls, and the animals are captured. Along the tracks of civets, mephitis, ichneumons, and rodents are bow traps fixed, which, in the scurry of the little animals, are snapped and strangle them. Besides the meat and hides to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. The forest would soon be denuded

of game if the pigmies confined themselves to the few square miles around a clearing; they are therefore compelled to move, as soon as it becomes scarce, to other settlements.

They perform other services to the agricultural and larger class of aborigines. They are perfect scouts, and contrive by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends. They are thus like voluntary pickets guarding the clearings and settlements. Every road from any direction runs through their camps. Their villages command every cross-way. Against any strange natives, disposed to be aggressive, they would combine with their taller neighbours, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pigmies would prevail. Their diminutive size, superior wood-craft, their greater malice, would make formidable opponents. This the agricultural natives thoroughly understand. They would no doubt wish on many occasions that the little people would betake themselves elsewhere, for the settlements are frequently outnumbered by the nomad communities. For small and often inadequate returns of fur and meat, they must allow the pigmies free access to their plantains, groves, and gardens. In a word, no nation on the earth is free from human parasites, and the tribes of

the Central African forest have much to bear from these little fierce people who glue themselves to their clearings, flatter them when well fed, but oppress them with their extortions and robberies.

The pigmies arrange their dwellings — low structures of the shape of an oval figure cut lengthways; the doors are from two feet to three feet high, placed at the ends — in a rough circle the centre of which is left cleared for the residence of the chief and his family, and as a common. About one hundred yards in advance of the camp, along every track leading out of it, is placed the sentry-house, just large enough for two little men, with the doorway looking up the track. If we assumed that native caravans ever travelled between Ipoto and Ibwiri, for instance, we should imagine, from our knowledge of these forest people, that the caravan would be mulcted of much of its property by these nomads, whom they would meet in front and rear of each settlement, and as there are ten settlements between the two points, they would have to pay toll twenty times, in tobacco, salt, iron and rattan, cane ornaments, axes, knives, spears, arrows, adzes, rings, etc. We therefore see how utterly impossible it would be for the Ipoto people to have even heard of Ibwiri, owing to the heavy turnpike tolls and octroi duties that would be demanded of them if they ventured to undertake a long journey of eighty miles. It will also be seen why there

is such a diversity of dialects, why captives were utterly ignorant of settlements only twenty miles away from them.

As I have said, there are two species of these pigmies, utterly dissimilar in complexion, conformation of the head, and facial characteristics. Whether Batwa forms one nation and Wambutti another we do not know, but they differ as much from each other as a Turk would from a Scandinavian. The Batwa have longish heads and long narrow faces, reddish, small eyes, set close together, which give them a somewhat ferrety look, sour, anxious, and querulous. The Wambutti have round faces, gazelle-like eyes, set far apart, open foreheads, which give one an impression of undisguised frankness, and are of a rich yellow, ivory complexion. The Wambutti occupy the southern half of the district described, the Batwa, the northern, and extend south-easterly to the Awamba forests on both banks of the Semliki River, and east of the Ituri.

The life in their forest villages partakes of the character of the agricultural classes. The women perform all the work of collecting fuel and provisions, and cooking, and the transport of the goods of the community. The men hunt, and fight, and smoke, and conduct the tribal politics. There is always some game in the camp, besides furs and feathers and hides. They have nets for fish and traps for small game to make. The youngsters must always be practising with the bow and arrow, for we have

never come across one of their villages without finding several miniature bows and blunt-headed arrows. There must be free use of axes also, for the trees about bear many a mark which could only have been done to try their edge. In every camp we have seen deep incisions in a tree several inches deep, and perhaps five hundred yards from the camp a series of diamond cuttings in a root of a tree across the track, which, when seen, informed us that we were approaching a village of the Wambutti pigmies.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

At the North Pole

[Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., discoverer of the North Pole, commanded eight Arctic expeditions.

In July, 1905, in the S. S. *Roosevelt*, built by the Peary Arctic Club, he sailed north and returned in October, 1906, having reached 87° 6′ North latitude. In a book, "Nearest the Pole," published and copyrighted in 1907 by Doubleday, Page & Co., he told the story of that expedition, and from that book the fifteen pages that immediately follow are taken.

On his last expedition he started in July, 1908, once again in the *Roosevelt*. He established a winter base at Cape Sheridan on September 5, 1908, which he left, with five detachments, February 15, 1909. One after another these were sent back, the fourth leaving Peary near the 88th parallel. From here, with one member of the crew—the Negro, Matthew Henson—and four Eskimos, he made the final dash of 130 miles over the Arctic ice and after five days reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. The story of this last expedition is described in Peary's book, "The North Pole," published and copyrighted in 1910 by F. A. Stokes Company, through whose courtesy the later pages are here reprinted.

Peary was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral and given the thanks of Congress in 1911. He died February 20, 1920.]

FIRST BATTLE WITH THE ICE

The turn of the tide the morning of the 28th August, 1905, set us out again, and, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by the behavior of the *Roosevelt* in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and at 4.30 A. M. the *Roosevelt* was driven out for another contest with the channel

pack in which at the time no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes which the swift current was swinging past the Cape, set the *Roosevelt* vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure.

From this we pushed out and began the attempt to cross to the west side, through ice almost continuously up to our plank sheer and frequently of such height that the boats swinging from the deck house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The delay and inaction of the past five days had become unendurable.

The *Roosevelt* fought like a gladiator, turning, twisting, straining with all her force, smashing her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steeple-chaser taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one.

The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod stem split it as a mason's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious.

At other times, the blue face of a big floe as high as the plank sheer grinding against either

side, and the ship inching her way through, her frames creaking with the pressure, the big engines down aft running like sewing-machines, and the twelve-inch steel shaft whirling the wide-bladed propeller, till its impulse was no more to be denied than the force of gravity.

At such times everyone on deck hung with breathless interest on our movement, and as Bartlett and I clung in the rigging I heard him whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: "Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!"

More than once did a fireman come panting on deck for a breath of air, look over the side, mutter to himself, "By G——she's got to go through!" then drop into the stoke-hole, with the result a moment later of an extra belch of black smoke from the stack, and an added turn or two to the propeller.

At midnight all that could be said was that we were nearer the west side than the east, and steadily drifting southward with the pack. I quote from my journal: "Slow and heart-breaking work. The *Roosevelt* is a splendid ice-fighter and if she had her full boiler power she would be irresistible. The ice is very heavy, in large floes, some of them several miles in diameter and their edges sheer walls of blue adamant. I shall be glad when we are through." In one of her charges the *Roosevelt* left a considerable piece of the stem just under the figure-head as a souvenir upon the top of a berg-

piece which she was obliged to butt out of her path. In another, a blue floe twelve to fifteen feet in thickness was split fairly in two.

AN ALARMING ATTACK: ESCAPE IN SAFETY

About 10 P. M. of the 16th September, 1905, as I was on the bridge taking a look about before turning in, a large floe, moving on the flood-tide, pivoted around the point of Sheridan and crashed into the smaller ice about the ship, driving it bodily before it. At the first shock the *Roosevelt* reeled and shook a bit, then heeled slightly toward the crowding ice and turned it under her starboard bilge. Standing on the starboard end of the bridge and looking down upon the ice the sensation was much like that of being on a large sledge moving over the ice, so rapidly did the rounding side of the *Roosevelt* turn the ice under her. Once or twice she hung for an instant and quivered with the strain, then heeled and turned the ice under again. This continued until a corner of the floe itself, some portions of which were higher than the rail, came full against the *Roosevelt's* starboard side amidships, with no intervening cushion of smaller ice and held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow resistless motion was frightful yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it, the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her

sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank sheer and a few yards back from its edges, was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge deck. This was the crucial moment. For a minute or so, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific. The *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry; the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hung slack and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showed above water. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it in-shore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe which crumbled away with a dull roar, as other floes smashed against it, and tore off great pieces in their onward rush, leaving the *Roosevelt* stranded but safe.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE AN ARCTIC EXPLORER

Besides my anxiety in regard to the *Roosevelt*, which in comparison was of minor importance, I was in a constant state of apprehension in regard to the dogs. Each party coming from the interior brought reports of additional deaths,

among these animals, until their number was reduced to the danger limit below which it would be impossible for me to carry out essential features of the spring campaign.

In spite of these anxieties, however, my freedom from minor annoyances afforded me time and suitable frame of mind to devise new methods and items of equipment which assisted materially later on. Among the latter was a quick-acting alcohol camp stove, built upon a new principle; and among the former a plan of campaign and method of advance which possesses valuable possibilities, and which had it not been for the unusual ice conditions marking the year, and particularly the disruption of the pack by the April storm, would have enabled us to grasp the prize which was the object of the expedition.

Mingled with this work and these plans and anxieties, were times for thoughts and impressions some of which will be given here even though they may interest no one but myself, because to every normal mind they are as much a part of the arctic winter nights as the ice, the darkness, and the cold. Moments of exultation and moments of depression. Moments of eager impatience when I wished that the day for the departure north might be to-morrow. Moments of foreboding when I dreaded its arrival. Moments of sanguine hopes, others of darkest misgivings. Thoughts and memories of the home land, dreams and plans for the future.

At times the days seemed to rush by with the velocity of the flood-tide past Sheridan, at others they were as tardy as if moored to a rock.

I quote from my Journal:

March 18, 1906.—Though I fight against it continuously, I find it impossible under conditions like to-day not to indulge in some thoughts of *success* as I tramp along, and I get so impatient I do not want to stop at the igloos but keep right on and on. At night I can hardly sleep waiting for the dogs to get rested sufficiently to start again. Then I think, what will be the effect if some insuperable obstacle, open water, absolutely impossible ice, or an enormous fall of snow knock me out now when everything looks so encouraging? Will it break my heart, or will it simply numb me into insensibility? and then I think, what 's the odds, in two months at the longest the agony will be over, and I shall know one way or the other, and then whichever way it turns out, before the leaves fall I shall be back on Eagle Island again, going over the well-known places with Jo [Mrs. Peary], and the children, and listening to the birds, the wind in the trees, and the sound of lapping waves (do such things really exist on this frozen planet?).

MUST THE "ROOSEVELT" BE ABANDONED?

Our Christmas festivities had a somewhat startling and entirely unexpected ending. After

dinner I paced the ice-foot for a couple of hours, busy with the crowding thoughts which my letters and presents had brought to me. Returning to my room I sat down to listen to the graphophone which the doctor had started in the neighbouring mess room. A little later the ice began cracking and groaning, and in a moment or two it was evident to me that there was a new note in its complaint, entirely different from the usual accompaniment of the running of the spring tides. I stepped out upon the quarter-deck and could not only hear but feel the ice humming and cracking, not loudly but viciously under intense pressure. I called the captain, stepped inside to put on my coat, extinguished my fire and the one in the adjoining workroom with a dipper of water, blew out my lamp, and passed forward through the house to the main deck.

When I reached there the ice had separated from the ice-foot, and the heavy floe which had squeezed us last September was moving off carrying with it our starboard ice-wall and leaving the starboard side of the ship completely exposed, with the black water lapping against the planking.

In a surprisingly short time the ice had disappeared completely in the inky darkness, and the black water stretched apparently limitless, giving back the image of every star. There was no cause for instant apprehension, the trouble would come when the ice came back

with the turn of the tide, with nothing between the ship and it to break its momentum or cushion its blow.

The Eskimos were running about in great excitement, bringing up their children and household goods from the 'tweendecks; and not caring to have a lot of women and children to fall over in case of trouble, I had the stove in the big box house fired up and sent them all ashore to shelter their bedding and clothing. One of the crew and one of the Eskimo men who were temporarily on the sick list were likewise sent ashore.

Then accompanied by the captain I made a careful tour of inspection of and about the ship, pointing out the possibilities of our position, and indicating what should be done to provide as far as possible against all contingencies. A full watch was kept on and everyone else turned in with their clothes on. The following day men and officers and Eskimos were busy running out all available lines from the port bow, quarter, and amidships, and also from the mastheads.

The weather continued clear and the temperatures very moderate. The evening flood-tide caused a great deal of movement and noise all about us, but brought no direct pressure upon the ship.

I had no fears that the *Roosevelt* would be crushed by any onset of the ice, but I did apprehend that she might be forced bodily up on to the ice-foot, thrown on her beam ends and

pushed so far inshore that it would be impossible to float her another season. Another possibility was that a particularly violent gale, such as might occur at any time, would tear us from our moorings and carry us out into the moving pack, in which event there would not be one chance in a hundred of our being able to get the ship back to her present position again.

On the morning of the 28th a gust of south wind blowing through the ventilator holes in my stateroom door woke me and I went on deck immediately. It was then very clear, with the wind light and baffling from every quarter, evidently gathering its forces. At 5 A. M. it came on with a rush from the south and increased in fury until nothing could be heard above its roar, and the ship was completely submerged in a blinding cataract of snow. In a short time a piece of ice on our starboard quarter began groaning and grinding against the ship's side. Fearing it might break loose and, in the event that our propeller and rudder post were frozen into it, tear our stern from its moorings, every piece of line that could be found was run out from the port quarter and made fast to the ice-foot. As in all of these gales the temperature was comparatively high, being in this instance from seven to fourteen degrees above zero. Otherwise the work would have been extremely trying and even dangerous. One of the crew stumbling in a crack a few yards from the ship lost his bearings and after some time brought

up at the box houses on the shore. Some of the Eskimos coming from the box houses to the ship lost their way and groped for some time before they got their bearings. At noon the wind had moderated and our stream anchor was attached to the end of the port chain cable, placed in a hole dug for it in the ice-foot behind a large grounded floe-berg, and then frozen in.

A VEXATIOUS DELAY

The wind and snow continued all night of the 6th April, and the forenoon of the 7th, then the sun broke through and showed that it was no longer snowing, though the wind continued unabated accompanied by a furious and blinding drift.

On this date Nansen reached his highest, and but for the accursed lead (channel) I should now have been ahead of him. As it was I was behind him and stalled again. Came on thick again during the night and continued blowing and drifting without abatement. It seemed as if it *must* clear off some time, but as yet there were no signs of it.

The wind continued its infernal howling past the igloo [Eskimo hut] and among the pinnacles of the rafter close by all night. I was so comfortable physically, however (barring my stumps, which were always cold when I was not walking, and sometimes even then), that there was nothing to distract me from its hell-born music, or keep me from thinking of the unbearable

delay. It seemed as if I had been here a month. The wind which had been a little south of true west swung more to the south, the drift was less dense, as if the bulk of the snow were packed, and I fancied there was less weight in the wind in the evening. I hoped to God it would clear soon. I was curious also to see if the continued blow had materially changed our position to the east. There had been no detectable disturbance in the ice since the morning of the 6th. This could be accounted for in two ways; one that the ice was already jammed to the eastward, and the old floes too heavy (and with no young ice between) to permit any compacting or shutting up; the other that the central pack (detached from the land ice along the big lead) was moving eastward as one mass. I could not help thinking that in the latter case, the differences of wind pressure and water resistance of the different floes would cause more or less motion among them, or at least cause strains that would be more pronounced. It would be surprising if the "Hudson" was not wide open now, and I hoped Marvin and Clark were across it with their supplies, and the former near enough to overtake me in a march or two from ere. If the "Hudson" was open, and they the other side of it, it would necessitate a decided modification of my plans, for the season was too late now for me to wait for them to come up. I must push on with what I had here, and take the chances of good going, long marches, and the

certainty of eating dog again before I got back to land.

NEAREST THE POLE AT LAST

April 18, 1906.— What contrasts this country affords! Yesterday hell, to-day comparative heaven, yet not such heaven as most would voluntarily choose. The wind died down during the night; this morning the position of the sun was fairly discernible. Started early and no serious trouble was experienced in crossing the lead as I had expected. Very rough going at first through rafters and big drifts, then very decent for the remainder of the march.

This was the first entirely calm day since leaving the big lead. Clear except for cirro strata running east and west. We crossed much one season's ice, and some only a few days old. No old floes. Travelled ten hours. We must be close to Abruzzi's highest now.

During this march the dogs were much excited at one time by the scent of something to windward, and for three or four miles struck such a pace that I found it difficult to keep ahead of them even by running, so stepped one side and let them pass. At the time I thought it might possibly be a bear and was strongly tempted to go in pursuit. Later I was very glad that I did not, as the scent noticed by the dogs was undoubtedly from a seal in an open lead.

As we advanced the character of the ice im-

proved, the floes became apparently larger and the rafters more infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern. Our pace was heart-breaking, particularly so as we were on scant rations.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20th we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till a little before noon of the 21st.

I should have liked to leave everything at this camp and push on for the one march with one empty sledge and one or two companions, but I did not dare to do this owing to the condition of the ice, and was glad as we advanced that I had not attempted it. I do not know if any of my Eskimos would have remained behind. In this last spurt we crossed fourteen cracks and narrow leads, which almost without exception were in motion.

When my observations were taken and rapidly figured, they showed that we had reached 87° 6′ north latitude, and had at last beaten the record, for which I thanked God

with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out.

It is perhaps an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation which it might be supposed that I should have. As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment combined perhaps with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition.

As can perhaps be imagined, I was more than anxious to keep on, but as I looked at the drawn faces of my comrades, at the skeleton figures of my few remaining dogs, at my nearly empty sledges, and remembered the drifting ice over which we had come and the unknown quantity of the "big lead" between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could reasonably be expected. I told my men we should turn back from here.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which

from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been travelling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march, we had been travelling south, although we had all the time been travelling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time travelling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the arctic winter night we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was

swinging around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our positions as being four or five miles from the Pole, towards Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a light sledge, I travelled directly towards the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations, in three different directions, at four different times. All were under satisfactory conditions, except for the first single altitude on the sixth. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11 Fahrenheit to minus 30 Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather (except as already noted for the single observation on the sixth.)

[Facsimile of observations as given omitted.]

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at the same moment during these marches and counter-marches, I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character.

We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more travelling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude 87° 6′ in the ice of the polar sea—therefore it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

It was also considered appropriate to raise the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in which I was initiated a member while an undergraduate student of Bowdoin College, the "World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace," with its red, white, and blue in a field of white, the Navy League flag, and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rous-

ing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of which the following is a copy:

90. N. Lat., North Pole.
April 6, 1909.

Arrived here to-day, 27 marches from Cape Columbia. I have with me 5 men, Matthew Henson, colored; Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo, and Ookeah, Eskimos; 5 sledges and 38 dogs. My ship, the S. S. *Roosevelt*, is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of Columbia.

The expedition under my command which has succeeded in reaching the Pole is under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent north by the members and friends of the Club for the purpose of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor and prestige of the United States of America.

The officers of the Club are Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, President; Zenas Crane, of Massachusetts, Vice President; Herbert L. Bridgman, of New York, Secretary and Treasurer.

I start back for Cape Columbia to-morrow.

ROBERT E PEARY,
UNITED STATES NAVY.

90. N. Lat., North Pole,
April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

ROBERT E. PEARY,
UNITED STATES NAVY.

ROALD AMUNDSEN

AT THE SOUTH POLE*

[Captain Roald Amundsen was the leader of the Norwegian Polar Expedition which reached the South Pole in 1911. He was born in Borje, Norway, in 1872, and after receiving a public school education became a sailor. Upon the return of the *Belgica* Antarctic Expedition (1897-9) he organized an expedition for the discovery of the Northwest Passage and the location of the magnetic pole. In the schooner *Gjöa*, in which he sailed from Christiania on June 16, 1903, he located the magnetic pole near the Boothia Peninsula, the extreme north end of the North American continent, and was the first person to make the passage from Europe to Alaska, reaching Fort Egbert, Alaska, in December, 1905. In 1910, Captain Amundsen set out for the Antarctic, and during 1911 preparations were made for the dash to the South Pole. He started, with four others, on October 19th. The Pole was reached on December 14th.

The extract following is reprinted from Captain Amundsen's book, "The South Pole," through the courtesy of the publisher, John Murray, of London.]

On the morning of December 14 the weather was of the finest, just as if it had been made for arriving at the Pole. I am not quite sure, but I believe we despatched our breakfast rather more quickly than usual and were out of the tent sooner, though I must admit that we always accomplished this with all reasonable haste. We went in the usual order—the forerunner, Hanssen, Wisting, Bjaaland, and the reserve forerunner. By noon we had reached

*Reprinted from "The South Pole," by Roald Amundsen, copyrighted by John Murray of London.

89° 53′ by dead reckoning, and made ready to take the rest in one stage. At 10 a. m. a light breeze had sprung up from the southeast, and it had clouded over, so that we got no noon altitude; but the clouds were not thick, and from time to time we had a glimpse of the sun through them. The going on that day was rather different from what it had been; sometimes the ski went over it well, but at others it was pretty bad. We advanced that day in the same mechanical way as before; not much was said, but eyes were used all the more. Hanssen's neck grew twice as long as before in his endeavour to see a few inches farther. I had asked him before we started to spy out ahead for all he was worth, and he did so with a vengeance. But, however keenly he stared, he could not descry anything but the endless flat plain ahead of us. The dogs had dropped their scenting, and appeared to have lost their interest in the regions about the earth's axis.

At three in the afternoon a simultaneous "Halt!" rang out from the drivers. They had carefully examined their sledge-meters, and they all showed the full distance—our Pole by reckoning. The goal was reached, the journey ended. I cannot say —though I know it would sound much more effective—that the object of my life was attained. That would be romancing rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions

around the North Pole—well, yes, the North Pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the South Pole. Can anything more topsy-turvy be imagined?

We reckoned now that we were at the Pole. Of course, every one of us knew that we were not standing on the absolute spot; it would be an impossibility with the time and the instruments at our disposal to ascertain that exact spot. But we were so near it that the few miles which possibly separated us from it could not be of the slightest importance. It was our intention to make a circle round this camp, with a radius of twelve and a half miles (20 kilometres), and to be satisfied with that. After we had halted we collected and congratulated each other. We had good grounds for mutual respect in what had been achieved, and I think that was just the feeling that was expressed in the firm and powerful grasps of the fist that were exchanged. After this we proceeded to the greatest and most solemn act of the whole journey —the planting of our flag. Pride and affection shone in the five pairs of eyes that gazed upon the flag, as it unfurled itself with a sharp crack, and waved over the Pole. I had determined that the act of planting it—the historic event—should be equally divided among us all. It was not for one man to do this; it was for *all* who had staked their lives in the struggle, and held together through thick and thin. This was the only way in which I could show my gratitude to my comrades in this desolate spot. I could see that they understood

and accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. Five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists they were that grasped the pole, raised the waving flag in the air, and planted it as the first at the geographical South Pole. "Thus we plant thee, beloved flag, at the South Pole, and give to the plain on which it lies the name of King Haakon VII.'s Plateau." That moment will certainly be remembered by all of us who stood there.

One gets out of the way of protracted ceremonies in those regions—the shorter they are the better. Everyday life began again at once. When we had got the tent up, Hanssen set about slaughtering Helge, and it was hard for him to have to part from his best friend. Helge had been an uncommonly useful and good-natured dog; without making any fuss he had pulled from morning to night, and had been a shining example to the team. But during the last week he had quite fallen away, and on our arrival at the Pole there was only a shadow of the old Helge left. He was only a drag on the others, and did absolutely no work. One blow on the skull, and Helge had ceased to live. "What is death to one is food to another," is a saying that can scarcely find a better application than these dog meals. Helge was portioned out on the spot, and within a couple of hours there was nothing left of him but his teeth and the tuft at the end of his tail. This was the second of our eighteen dogs that we had lost. The Major, one of Wisting's fine dogs, left us in 88° 25′ S., and never returned. He was fearfully worn out, and

must have gone away to die. We now had sixteen dogs left, and these we intended to divide into two equal teams, leaving Bjaaland's sledge behind.

Of course, there was a festivity in the tent that evening—not that champagne corks were popping and wine flowing—no, we contented ourselves with a little piece of seal meat each, and it tasted well and did us good. There was no other sign of festival indoors. Outside we heard the flag flapping in the breeze. Conversation was lively in the tent that evening, and we talked of many things. Perhaps, too, our thoughts sent messages home of what we had done.

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

[On June 1, 1910, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R. N., C. V. O., commanding the *Terra Nova*, left London for a second attempt to reach the South Pole. It was apparently a splendidly equipped expedition, though, as it turned out, the use of ponies as partial transport over the ice proved of doubtful value, dogs still being the most reliable means of hauling sledges. Captain Scott's journey to the Pole was up through the storm-breeding funnel of the Beardmore glacier, and while Amundsen's expedition only several hundred miles to the east was having little trouble from the weather, Scott and his party were being delayed days at a time by terrific blizzards which so seriously weakened both sledge animals and men that it undoubtedly had much to do with the final catastrophe. Scott and his picked men reached the Pole only to find that Amundsen had been there first, and saddened by this disappointment he and his men started on the return journey, and almost from the first fate dealt them one blow after another, but they struggled on to as heroic an end as history has ever chronicled. A wireless message from the returning *Terra Nova* on February 10, 1913, conveyed the sad news that Captain Scott and his four comrades had perished. The dramatic story of the last days from Scott's own diary is here given.

The entire account of the expedition is entitled "Scott's Last Expedition,* the extracts from which are reprinted with the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.]

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST STRUGGLE

Saturday, March 10. Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and

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of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast. when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! it is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all around. I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed. Meares had a bad trip home I suppose.

This morning it was calm when we breakfasted, but the wind came from the W.N.W. as we broke camp. It rapidly grew in strength. After travelling for half an hour I saw that none of us could go on facing such conditions. We were forced to camp and are spending the rest of the day in a comfortless blizzard camp, wind quite foul.

Sunday, March 11. Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march

as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story.

The sky completely overcast when we started this morning. We could see nothing, lost the tracks, and doubtless have been swaying a good deal since—3.1 miles for the forenoon—t erribly heavy dragging—expected it. Know that 6 miles is about the limit of our endurance now, if we get no help from wind or surfaces. We have 7 days' food and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp to-night, 6x7 = 42, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

Monday, March 12. We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours 20 min.—we may hope for 3 this afternoon, 7x6 = 42. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favourable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

Wednesday, March 14. No doubt about the

going down-hill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp.—37. Couldn't face it, so remained in camp(R.54) till 2, then did 5¼ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N.) never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in the dark. (R.55.)

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; halfway, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W.S.W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. The temp. now midday down—43 and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with the greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 *or Saturday* 17. Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag.

That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last.—We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, −40 at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolites, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request will be found with us or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N. W. force 4, temp. −35. No human being could face it, and we are worn out nearly.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose, after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretending to be—I don't know! We have the last half fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to be there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from the N. to N. W. and −40 temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all day yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope. Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 *and* 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two(?) of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W., and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles

away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

For God's sake look after our people.

Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders and his arm flung across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.